

Early Start

by Eyes Behind the Mask

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Summary: Four girls attending college in Haddonfield decide to rent a house together for a very low price. It seems like a great deal to them, but is it really worth it? Is the figure caught watching them just a strange and curious neighbor or is it someTHING much worse?

1. Friday, August 23rd

"Elissa, guess what?" Thora shouted, practically bouncing into the kitchenette.

"What -?" Elissa looked up from the dish she was wrapping, one of the old arcopal plates with faded blue floral print that had been Thora's aunt's. Thora grinned, opening her hand to reveal a set of keys.

"Mr. Rowe said that we could go ahead and start moving in immediately. Isn't that great?" Thora wore a look of absolute glee, her hands clasped to her chest as if she'd just been informed that she'd won the lottery. "We're seriously going to have to step on it if we want to get moved in before the weekend. Just think, we can spend it relaxing instead of throwing boxes around. How many more of those do you have left?"

"Just a few more, and then we have the pots and pans, but at least those don't have to be wrapped. Although I thought we were shooting for Friday to move in?"

"Mr. Rowe said there was no point in waiting another three days to move in especially when school starts Monday. He said he wouldn't charge us for the extra days. He's really a sweetheart." Thora grabbed one of the remaining dishes and began wrapping it haphazardly. "I already called Chance and Libby, they said that they could start moving today. Chance said she had an appointment with her adviser she couldn't blow off, but Libby is already all packed up and

ready to go."

"I still can't believe he wants so little for it," Elissa said, setting the plate into the box and automatically reaching for another one and a fresh sheet of newspaper. "Sure it's an old house, but it looked like someone put a lot of money into fixing it up. I swear I could still smell fresh paint when we looked at it yesterday and the roof looks practically new."

"Only you could find something wrong with an amazing deal, Elissa," Thora laughed as she set her hastily wrapped plate on top of Elissa's and grabbed the last one. "Like you said, it's an old house. Of course it's going to be less expensive than a two bedroom at The Oaks. After all it's not coming with two swimming pools, a 24 hour gym with a sauna and free cable and wi-fi."

"If I didn't know better I'd think someone was still a little mad that there were no units available at The Oaks." Elissa laughed, picking up the roll of packing tape to seal the box. "How will you ever survive without a sauna and Cinemax?"

"Oh please, are you sure you're not the bitter one? I didn't want to live there anyway, goober. Paige said the parking is a nightmare and that they never return anyone's security deposit when they move out. Plus Amanda lives there, and you know I can't stand her."

"I still think maybe we should have just signed another lease. I mean, was twenty dollars more a month really that bad? At least we wouldn't have to move boxes down two flights of stairs." Elissa made a face at the thought of shuffling boxes down the narrow stairwell for the next couple of hours. It had been a pain in the ass when they'd moved in six months ago, and she really didn't relish the thought of doing it again.

"Did I stutter when I told you what everyone's portion of the rent would be? We'll each be paying less than half what we were paying for this place before the rent hike. How can you say no to that? Saving that kind of money we can get our own cable and who knows, maybe we could even look into a hot tub for the back yard. Imagine the parties we could have!"

"A hot tub? Seriously? How long are you planning on staying there anyway?" Elissa laughed, smoothing tape over the box and reaching for the scissors. Thora smirked, handing the scissors to her friend.

"I wouldn't mind staying until graduation, and maybe even longer. The place is absolutely to die for."

* * *

><p>"Well, we're here. Looks like Libby already made it." Thora said, putting the truck in park.<p>

Libby's old yellow Volkswagen sat out front, the dented bumper festooned with a liberal amount of bumper stickers proclaiming equal rights and denouncing war. Many were indeed vintage, but Libby had added to the collection since acquiring the car from an uncle. A Ryder truck was parked behind her, the ramps down and by the looks of things already half unloaded.

Elissa got out of the truck and went to the back of the U-Haul trailer, fiddling with the latch. "How can one person have so many things to bring?" she said, eying the mass of furniture and boxes still inside the Ryder.

"I think that Chance's parents sprung for the truck and movers since she couldn't be here right now to get it done. They just took everything since they were already there. Lucky for Libby, eh? Maybe we can sweet talk the movers into helping us with our stuff too." Thora started towards the house, before turning back to Elissa. "I almost forgot. Here is your key, I'd better give it to you now in case you need it later. I still have to go back to the apartment later to wrap things up with Mrs. Reeves and hopefully get our deposit back."

"Thanks," Elissa said, taking the small silver key. It glinted in the sunlight, looking almost sharp and sinister for a moment. She stuffed it in her pocket and gave the latch one last shove, successfully opening the door. A box fell out, scattering books and DVDs across the street. "Shit! Shit!" She knelt down and started scooping them back up quickly before any cars came.

"I knew I took that corner too fast. Let me help you." She bent down to retrieve the fallen books, when the front door swung open. Libby and Chance's boyfriend Robert appeared on the porch, Libby chattering away to the movers while Robert walked over towards the two girls.

"Looks like you could use a hand here, ladies." He helped them scoop up the last of the errant DVDs, and then took the box. "You don't really have a whole lot here. I can stick around and help out for a little while, but I've got work this evening."

"Thanks Rob, we appreciate it." Elissa reached in for another box, as Thora started in on the things in the bed of the truck. "We can get the boxes if you can just help with the furniture."

"It's no problem. I'll get one of those guys in there to help me with the couch and the bookshelves. Libby has been following them around micromanaging everything so I think one of them wouldn't mind taking a break from listening to her." Thora was about to say something when Libby strode over.

"Hey guys. I already had the movers put my stuff in that back bedroom. Hope you don't mind, they've already gotten everything in there and the bed set up." Elissa looked over to Thora, who wore a patient, yet compulsory smile. Libby smoothed back a lock of red hair with a flick of her wrist, silvery bangles tinkling like a wind chime.

"That's fine I guess. I don't really mind, do you Elissa?" Thora grabbed a backpack from the bed of the truck and started inside.

"No, it's fine with me. I'll call Chance and see what room she wanted, and I'll take the other one."

"Can you hand me another couple of boxes Elissa? I'll take these in and then get after the furniture." Elissa took another smaller box from the U-Haul trailer and set it down on top of the one Robert was

holding. She took another for herself and followed Robert inside.

Libby's cellphone chimed, and she pulled it out of her pocket to answer a text. With a smile she walked back over to the front of the house, tilted her head back and snapped a picture. She pressed send, and then stuck the phone back in her pocket and went back inside, passing Robert and a relieved looking mover in route to Thora's truck.

* * *

><p>Elissa was in the kitchen when she heard a tapping coming from the back door. Thora had left to return the trailer and turn in the keys to Mrs. Reeves and Libby had flounced off to see her boyfriend shortly after the movers had finished.<p>

Setting down the dish she had been unpacking, Elissa nervously approached the door. If anyone had been watching them move in, they likely knew she was now there alone. Pulling aside just enough of the shade covering the door's window so that she could see who it was, she was relieved to discover that it was Chance standing out there. Unlocking the door, she opened it to let Chance inside.

"Thanks," Chance said, stepping inside and closing the door behind her. "I would've come in through the front, but it was locked too and I don't have a key."

"I thought Libby was going to bring you a key?" Elissa asked, a slight annoyance in her voice at Libby failing to do her part.

"I thought so too, but she never showed up. You know how Libby is though," Chance said, laughing.

"Yeah, I know all too well," Elissa replied, laughing along with her. "I'll get you a key later."

"Sorry I couldn't make it this afternoon," Chance said, walking further into the kitchen, looking around. "I see you managed to get all of the furniture in at least."

"Yeah, thanks to Rob. He helped a lot."

"I bet he did," Chance said, grinning.

She and Robert had been together for a couple years. He was a great guy. She was crazy about him and he got along with her friends too.

"I haven't picked up any groceries yet, but Thora said she'll bring back pizza for us," Elissa said.

"Great! I'm starving!" Chance replied as she moved next to Elissa to help her unpack what was left of the dishes and other things for the kitchen.

When they were done, they decided to take a small break and look around the house.

"I love this dining room," Chance commented as they walked through it

from the kitchen to the living room.

"I do too. We might have to break it in with a party soon. And Thora said she wants a hot tub for the backyard."

"I wouldn't object to that."

"I figured you wouldn't," Elissa said, laughing again. "I swear, I think maybe you and Thora should have been roommates. You two think so much alike."

"And what? Let you live alone with Libby? I wouldn't want anyone to have to go through that. She's been all over my ass ever since we found this place, wanting me to make sure everything was ready for when we could move."

"Well, I'm not sure she lifted a single box or anything today. She's in for a rude awakening if she thinks I'm helping her unpack any of her shit."

While they did consider Libby to be a friend, at times, it was very difficult to get along with her. She was unreliable, she often had a smug attitude, and she hung out with some rather questionable people. Truth be told, they would've left her out of the move if they'd been able to find someone else to replace her. Plus, despite her behavior, they would have felt a little bad for leaving her on her own. They all knew how difficult it could be to find affordable living when you were in college. Elissa was actually a freshman, but she'd been roommates with Thora for a while.

Moving to the front hall, they peered up the stairs at the dark second floor. It had an eery look to it that creeped both of them out a little bit, though neither of them admitted it to the other. They both felt slightly braver since they were together anyway.

"So, Libby's claimed the bedroom on this floor. It's the biggest, of course," Elissa said.

"Oh, of course," Chance retorted, rolling her eyes.

"But! That means you, Thora, and I get the top floor to ourselves!" Elissa finished, smiling at Chance.

Smiling back, Chance followed Elissa up the stairs. Elissa paused at the top, flicking a switch to turn on the light. She then led Chance to the first door on the right, which was already open, a lamp inside turned on.

"You said you didn't really care about which room you had, so I'm going to take this one," Elissa said, continuing through a doorway that connected to the next room. "And Thora's going to take this room."

"Where have you got me staying then? The attic?" Chance joked as she looked out of the window which overlooked the street.

Laughing, Elissa said, "No, no, keep following me."

Leading Chance through the other door of the room, which took them back to the hallway, Elissa walked across to the other side of the

house where there was another room.

Letting Chance enter the room first, Elissa then said, "This is your room! It even connects directly to the bathroom."

"I love it!" Chance said as she looked around the room. "I have a really good feeling about this place. It's just so perfect!"

"I do too!" Elissa replied, both of them excited.

Before they could explore the house any further, they heard the front door unlock and open, followed by Thora's voice saying, "Hey, anyone here? I've got dinner!"

They promptly headed back down the stairs to see Thora standing in the doorway, a large box of pizza in one hand and case of beer in the other, her purse dangling from the arm holding the pizza. They rushed over to help her, Elissa grabbing the pizza and Chance grabbing the beer. As Thora shut the door, Elissa noticed a car pulling away. It stuck out to her due to it's old look. It seemed like it was from the late 70s or early 80s. She thought nothing more of it though as it disappeared from her view.

"I got some beer too since I know there's nothing but water to drink here," Thora said as she followed Elissa and Chance to the dining room. "Water and pizza didn't sound good to me and I figured we could all use a few beers anyway."

"I think we could definitely use a few beers," Elissa replied.

"Is Libby back yet?" Thora asked.

"No, I think she's probably going to stay at Tyrone's tonight." Elissa answered.

"That figures," Chance said. "We've got this nice, new place and she's not even going to stay here for the first night. Oh well, guess that means more beer for us!"

After they ate, drank, and unpacked a bit more, they decided to call it a night and go to sleep. Shortly after they turned out the lights, the old car returned, parking across the street from the house. The figure inside didn't move, its face hidden in the darkness. It only watched the house. Watched as if it could see through the walls of the house. When the girls would wake up the next morning, the car would be gone again.

2. Saturday, August 24th, Part I

As they sat around the table that morning, eating leftover pizza for breakfast, Libby returned home. She heard them talking in the dining room, so she headed there.

"Good morning, everyone. Had a great night with Tyrone last night. I could spend the rest of my life with him. That pizza looks good. Is there any left?" she shot off, not letting anyone else get a word in until she was done.

Between bites, Chance answered her with, "Well, there is some left."

She paused to take another bite. "But," she paused again to chew some, "we're currently eating it."

For a moment, nothing else was said.

"You're such a bitch, Chance," Libby then said, a scowl having appearing across her face. "Did you know that?"

Shrugging, Chance continued eating, causing Libby to stomp off to her room. Elissa stood up and followed her, though she wasn't quick enough to catch up, because Libby slammed her bedroom door shut and Elissa found that it was locked when she tried to open it.

"Libby? It's Elissa. Can we talk?"

"Just go away!" Libby shouted from behind the door.

"Fine," Elissa said. "You bring it on yourself though, you know?"

Libby didn't say anything else, so Elissa walked away, returning to the dining room.

Sitting back down, she said, "Did you really have to act like that to her, Chance? You know it just pisses her off and makes her even more uncomfortable to be around."

Chance shrugged again, clearly not concerned.

After a few more moments of silence, Elissa then said, "Well, I'm going to go to the store today. Could you two please write down anything you want me to pick up while I'm out?"

"I think we need some dish soap, and milk," Thora said, getting up to go into the kitchen and retrieve the magnetic grocery list pad from the fridge. "Tell you what Lis, can you go out to the mailbox and see what the address is? I think I know it, but I want to be sure before I go to the DMV on Monday to get a new license. Plus I want to call the cable company and get us set up, and I want to make sure they come to the right house."

"Aw, what's wrong Thora? You don't want some lucky jerk on Lampkin Lane to get free cable?" Chance teased from the dining room, pulling out the pen holding her thick blonde hair up in a messy bun, hand out motioning for the grocery pad.

"Yeah, I can go look no problem. While I'm out there can you write down Crest and Q-tips for me, please?" Elissa pulled her green jacket from the hook by the front door, concerned that it might be cold outside. She'd heard the wind howling last night, and was sure it had blown in a front.

"Ten-four, good buddy" Thora snarled in her rather pitiful impression of a grizzled truck driver. Chance giggled, and Elissa rolled her eyes.

She unlocked the front door, and started down the steps towards the mailbox. It was a rather overcast morning, and the slight chill on her face made her glad she'd chosen to put on her jacket before going out. The street was rather quiet, a stark contrast to the hustle and

bustle of the main road the apartment had been located on that she had become accustomed to. She could faintly hear a dog barking down the street, and the distant engines of cars traveling a neighboring street, but it was otherwise rather still. She reached the mail box and looked down to the side to read the address emblazoned in small gold letters against the black of the box when something down the street caught her eye.

In a thick, tall row of hedges bordering the front yard of a house about twenty paces away she saw it. Something starkly white with dark pits for eyes that she swore could see directly into her soul stared back at her from the edge of the bushes. Elissa blinked in disbelief, and a chill raced up her spine. What the hell was that?

She heard the bushes rustle slightly in the silence of the street, and then it was gone. Seriously, what the hell had that been? A oddly patterned black and white cat? Some sort of strange bird? A guy in a freaky Halloween mask taking it out for an early test drive? Elissa stood there for a long moment, trying to decide what to do. If it were just an animal she'd feel foolish for walking over into the neighbor's yard to check it out and if it was some guy in a mask well... She shuddered.

But if it was some weirdo prowling around the houses, shouldn't she call the police or something? She found herself walking towards the hedge as if compelled by some unknown force. She had not gotten a very good look at whatever it had been, and she certainly wasn't going to bother the police for something silly and earn herself a reputation as 'that girl who calls the cops for every little thing'. No, she was going to be sure there was something actually there before freaking out.

She reached the bush, and with a deep breath she leaned out and peered around the corner.

There was nothing.

* * *

><p>"It's 45 Lampkin Lane, Thora. You guys finished with that list yet?" Elissa called as she opened the door, only to take barely two steps in before running almost smack into Libby.<p>

"Whoa, watch out Elissa. You nearly mowed me down. What is your hurry?" Libby said, arching an eyebrow at Elissa. "If you are going to the store can you get me some soda?"

"What kind did you want?" Elissa asked, unable to resist taking a look over her shoulder before closing the door.

"Grape, please. Hey, what's your deal? You expecting someone out there or something?" That red eyebrow cocked even higher, as her eyes narrowed.

"Nothing, it's nothing" Elissa said, forcing a small smile. "Look, I'm sorry about earlier. I should have stayed out of it, but I really want us all to get along here, you know?"

"Yeah. I know what you're saying. But still, Chance can be a real bitch sometimes. You'll see." Libby smirked. "But seriously, I guess

I can't blame you for being so hyper vigilant." With that her pale lips curved slightly. "With this house and all..."

"What is that supposed to mean, 'this house'?" Libby's eyes widened, a look of surprise rushing over her face.

"You mean you didn't know already? Didn't the landlord tell you when you and Thora came to view the house the other day?" From the look in Elissa's eyes Libby could see that the hook was set. She waited for her response however before giving the final jerk.

"What are you talking about Libby, seriously? What about the house?" Elissa tried to keep her tone even but a slight waver crept in. Libby smiled.

"Just ask around. You'd be surprised. By the way, can you make sure to get the twelve pack? Tyrone likes it too, and he's coming over later." Libby reached up to flick her hair back from her forehead, those ever present bangles jingling much like the bell of a cat.

* * *

><p>Libby stalked off to her room, that sharp smile still gracing her lips. That bitch wanted to side with Chance? Fine, let her. She hadn't had to live with Chance for over a year, had to tolerate her constant snubs and disdain for Tyrone. Miss Perfect. Libby rolled her eyes. Chance thought she was something else with her well-to-do parents and that good looking, always reliable boyfriend of hers Robert. Oh, she'd get hers. And so would Elissa, if she insisted on being such a goody-goody ass kiss to Chance.<p>

Libby's phone rang then, the familiar strains of Tyrone's ring tone calling to her from inside of her jean pocket, She pulled it out and answered in her best breathy voice.

"Hey boo," She purred, examining her nails, and practicing her pout in her vanity mirror.

"Babe. You going to come pick me up?"

"Yeah, I'll be there in a little bit. I have something I need to do first, but I promise it won't take long, sweetie." Oh, she had things to do all right. Robert had said something about having to pick up an early shift at the hardware store when they'd been inside coordinating the move the day before. Libby supposed she should go lock shopping, and who better to assist her than good old Rob?

"Okay. But don't take all day, know what I'm saying? I miss you baby."

"I'll be right along. Love you too, sweets."

Libby hung up, a thousand ideas dancing in her head, each involving her trip to the hardware store and each more spiteful than the last. She took her lipstick from the vanity and smoothed it over her lips, the glossy red making them stand out like rose petals on white satin sheets. Oh, she would indeed get hers.

* * *

><p>Elissa stood in the dining room, the list at arms length.<p>

"Whoa. You want HOW many cans of Pringles, Chance?" she teased, trying to banish that cold feeling from the pit of her stomach that had only intensified after her conversation with Libby.

"Three. Make sure one is ranch, I don't care about the other two. I like to have them for when I'm studying. It's comfort food, you know?" Chance said, twisting her hair back into it's messy bun and anchoring it with the blue pen. "Also, can you try to make sure they bag the milk? I know it's petty, but if they don't it tends to pick up all the stuff on the floorboard on the ride home and gets into the fridge."

"No problem, I'll make sure they bag it." Thora held up a finger then, her ear pressed to her phone.

"Yes, it's 45 Lampkin Lane," she turned to Elissa and mouthed 'Right?' Elissa nodded, and Thora continued. "So Monday at noon. Okay, someone will be here waiting. Okay, thank you." She hung up and grinned lopsidedly, the dimple in her left cheek standing out. "They are running a special, and we get all the movie channels for three months free."

"Awesome," Chance said "Late night Skinemax."

Both girls tittered. "You'd know all about Skinemax, huh Chance? You and Rob have been dating a loooong time..." Thora's voice trailed off, her eyebrow quirking. Chance stuck out her tongue.

"Hush, you. Oh, before I forget Elissa," She dug into her pocket and fished out a twenty. "Can you stop and get us a movie for tonight since cable won't be installed til Monday? Get something scary."

"No!" Thora said, shaking her head. "Get comedy. Romantic comedy. The sappiest one they have"

"I'm paying and I say horror."

"How about a compromise? I'll get a horror comedy." Elissa offered, that icy feeling abating a bit. She was being ridiculous. There had been nothing out there, and Libby was just being Libby. There was nothing to worry about other than picking out what she was going to wear Monday.

"Fair enough," Thora agreed, sticking her tongue out at Chance. "Just make sure it's funny"

"And gory," Chance chimed in.

"Okay, Okay. I'll see what I can dig up." With that she took the money, stopped by her room to pick up her purse, and went out to the truck. As she selected the key for the ignition from her ring, the house key again seemed like something sharp, foreign and unpleasant. She sighed and shook her head. There was nothing to worry about. Absolutely nothing. She started the truck and began to drive, that icy feeling much diminished yet still present.

Then he stepped out from behind the bush and watched her go.

* * *

><p>How long he had been watching, she would never know. He slowly followed her with his head as she drove away. Being out from behind the bush, he was exposed to the wind, which blew against him and his white mask. It didn't cause him to react though, not in any visible way, if he even felt it.<p>

There was no need for him to put too much effort into hiding on Lampkin Lane. Like most streets in Haddonfield, it was relatively quiet and not really ever busy. Ever since he'd chased his niece through those very streets so long ago, the long time residents of Haddonfield had grown accustomed to staying inside whenever they could, behind locked doors, safely hidden from the outside world, or so they liked to think and hope. They were happier that way, minding their own business and pretending that everything was okay and normal. If they saw him or someone dressed like him standing out there, would they even care? Would they call the police? The better question was, would he even care? He'd taken on Haddonfield's finest a couple times in the past. They always lost. Would they dare try again?

With Elissa gone, he turned his attention to the house itself. There were still a few others inside. Living inside where he once lived and once killed. Where the evil in him initially spawned. One girl had already seen him. If history was any indication, the others would know his presence soon enough as well. He clearly wasn't someone who easily gave up. After all, he'd been killing off his relatives almost as long as he'd been alive. That was dedication. Dedication not to a job or a hobby, but to a commitment. A commitment of evil.

He stepped back behind the bushes when he heard the front of the house opening again. This time, it was Chance and Thora who exited. Unlike Elissa though, they didn't notice him, the black and white peeking through the bushes. He remained hidden until they too drove away in Chance's car. That left just Libby inside. He then came out from behind the bushes again, but he didn't just stand there again. Slowly, he approached the house, continuing to keep his eyes focused on it. Libby could have easily seen him at anytime, but he didn't seem to be concerned with that thought. He could easily just disappear before she could get a better look at him anyway, just as he'd done with so many people before. It was almost like a game in that aspect. A game that usually ended with them dying by his hands.

Walking around to the left side of the house, he stopped outside of one of the windows when he spotted the lone girl inside, changing her clothes. When she unknowingly revealed her breasts to him, he once again didn't react, only continuing to stare, to watch. She then moved out of his view, only to open the front door herself a moment later and get into her Volkswagen. As the car's engine faded away into the distance, he continued his walk around the house, stopping at each window like they were displays at a museum. The house itself really hadn't changed much since his time in it as a child. Sure, it'd fallen into disrepair until more recent years, but the structure remained the same. It was still painted white and some objects such as the doors appeared to be refurbished.

Reaching the back door, he tried to open it, trying several times to twist the knob, but it was locked. He left it at that and moved around to the right side of the house. When he got to the living room's window, he paused at it longer than he had at any of the other windows, as if he was remembering. Remembering that Halloween night in 1963 when he watched Judith fool around with her boyfriend on the sofa before heading upstairs with him and moments after her boyfriend left, he murdered her with a kitchen knife. So many people had wondered why. Was it jealousy? Was it confusion? Was it simply and purely insanity?

Dr. Sam Loomis had tried for so long to reach him. Most would say the doctor tried harder than anyone else to understand him and at times, he'd seemed very close to achieving just that. Loomis did learn how he thought, how he worked. Loomis hadn't come so close to stopping him all those times out of coincidence. Loomis had been good, good enough to outlast the others. That was something even his favorite patient might admit to. But the Shape was better. The Shape was always better.

He finally left the window and returned to the front of the now empty house. He slowly lifted his head to look at the second floor windows, particularly the window of Judith's room. Then moving his head to look at the front porch, he approached it, climbing the few steps up to it. He tried the front's door knob too, but unsurprisingly, it was locked as well. He had another reason for being on the porch though. Reaching into his jumpsuit, he removed a yellowed slip of paper and crouched down, slipping it into a crack in the porch, making sure that it was secured enough so as to not be blown away by the wind. Standing back up, he then turned around and walked away, leaving his gift for one of the girls to find.

3. Saturday, August 24th, Part II

Entering the hardware store, Libby immediately saw Robert stocking one of the shelves. Putting on a smile just for him, she sauntered up to him.

"Hey there, Rob," she said, widening her smile when he turned to look at her.

"Oh, hey, Libby. What's up?" he said in return, noticing the red lipstick she had on and she noticed the quick look he gave the rest of her body afterward.

"I came here to see you, silly," she answered, keeping the smile plastered on.

"Me? What for?" he asked, confused.

He realized that she was intentionally being nice to him, nicer than she usually was. He knew that Chance didn't care much for Libby and he'd been around her enough to understand why. So why the sudden change of attitude towards him?

"I need you to help me pick out a few locks for the new place," she answered. Stepping closer to him, she then added, "Please?"

"Okay, I can help you with that," he said, setting down the tools he had been placing on the shelves.

He led her over to the aisle where the locks were. She kept close to him, grinning behind his back as her plan unfolded.

"These are the locks we have," he said, pointing to their location on the shelves. "You should be able to find all that you need though."

With Rob's attention on the locks, Libby inched ever closer before making her move. Simultaneously, she planted a kiss on his cheek and reached for his crotch. Instinctively, he stepped out of her reach and glared at her.

"Libby, what the hell are you doing?" he questioned, annoyed.

"Oh come on, I know you liked that!" she replied. "I've seen the way you look at me. Are you seriously going to tell me that you're completely happy with Chance?"

Ignoring her accusations, he instead said, "Chance would hate you if she found out you were doing this. I think you need to pick out what you want and leave."

* * *

><p>Libby sat in her car outside of the apartment building Tyrone lived in. She checked in the rear view mirror before getting out to make sure her lipstick wasn't smeared. She'd decided to leave it on for Tyrone. He didn't need to know that she hadn't originally put it on for him.<p>

Her plan hadn't gone nearly as well as she'd hoped, but she wasn't finished. She had plenty of other ideas for Robert. She'd have him eating out of the palm of her hand and when she was done, Chance would regret ever even thinking about messing with her.

Walking up the stairs to the second floor where Tyrone's apartment was, she knocked on the door. Several more knocks and a couple minutes later, he finally opened the door.

"Sorry, babe. I was freshening up for you," he said, looking like he'd just rolled out of bed, but she liked when he looked like that.

Briefly kissing, she said, "Ready to go?"

"Yeah. You got some grape soda though, right?"

"I told Elissa to pick some up."

Pulling up his pants some as they were about to fall off, he exited the apartment and followed her to her car.

Once in the car, Libby asked, "Do you want to do something for me?"

"Maybe," Tyrone answered. "There anything in it for me?"

"Oh I think so. It involves my bitchy roommates."

* * *

><p>The lull of shopping fell over Elissa, and as she wandered the aisle list in hand she found herself able to forget about the incident in the yard, and even Libby's bitchy teasing. Instead she focused on locating the sundries spelled out on the pad before her, the handwriting changing almost schizophrenically between Chance's neat, almost too perfect cursive and Thora's familiar scrawl. She found the chips and Libby's soda with ease, as well as the Q-tips and other assorted toiletries and was about to meander into the household goods aisle when she noticed him.<p>

He was an older man, easily the age of her father and then some. While his overall appearance was quiet and unassuming and she truthfully would have never even noticed him it was his eyes trained on her face with an almost questioning look that gave her pause.

She stopped, one hand on her cart and unconsciously she clutched the list a little bit tighter. She brought her eyes to his, and gave a slow, polite smile.

He blinked. "I'm sorry. I thought I recognized you from somewhere, but it's my mistake. I'm sorry." With that he wheeled his cart down the aisle at a much quicker pace than normal, and disappeared around the corner.

"Almost like before..."

She wheeled after him, spotting him in the haircare aisle.

"Sir? Sir?" He turned to her, that strange look returning to his eyes. "Is something the matter?"

"It's nothing," he replied, his mouth set in a tight smile. "Just an old man's mistake. Don't worry about it. Have a lovely day, you hear?" This time he pushed his cart towards the checkout lane, leaving her standing there in the middle of the aisle wondering if her day could get any stranger.

* * *

><p>Of course it could. She'd managed to get everything on the list and then some, and had decided to drop the groceries off at the house before going to pick up a movie. She'd always been indecisive and with the tall order from Chance and Thora she knew it wouldn't be a get in and get out sort of visit.<p>

So she stopped at the house, noticing that Chance's car was gone although Libby's remained, albeit in a slightly different spot. She could hear and feel the bass reverberating through the porch as she carried the first few bags up and was just about to say something to Libby about turning the music down before the neighbors got pissed when she saw it.

It was almost easy enough to overlook, just like that man in the grocery store, but nonetheless her eyes were drawn to it. A small piece of yellowed newsprint flapped at her from it's anchor in the cracks of the porch. She stood stock still for a moment, her eyes

trained on the clipping like it were a snake or something similar that might strike out at her. The bass rumbled at her feet, and for a moment she felt like she was rooted to the spot.

Elissa set the groceries down, and tentatively reached for the scrap of paper. Much like an iceberg, the majority of it was between the crack. She drew it out slowly, out of the desire to not tear it as much as apprehension. Smeary type greeted her, some words standing out more than others, leaping off the paper to assault her senses.

These brutal killings...

found dead...

...burned...in custody

...survivor

Hand shaking, she turned the paper over hoping for something that would make this frightening gibberish make more sense when she knew exactly how that man at the store felt.

An equally smeary picture stared up at her, the features vague yet disturbingly familiar. Although she could not place it, that feeling returned, and remained.

Much like him.

She slowly turned around, dreading to face what she somehow knew was out there. It was then that she saw it again. That... shape was back, directly across the street beneath the neighbor's carport, the white of it's mask -

(yes, it was definitely a mask)

-somehow seeming even more severe against the relative shadows. He didn't move, but again she could feel those eyes burning into her. She turned back to the door and threw it open, ran inside and slammed it shut, locking all three of the locks behind her.

For brief moment, he continued staring at the house, tilting his head again. The street was quiet once again. Not even the birds were chirping. The slamming of the door was almost like an indication of the terror she felt thanks to him, a terror which silenced the rest of the world. He then disappeared behind the bushes again, leaving no trace other than the clipping that he'd been there at all.

* * *

><p>She could still feel those cold, black eyes boring into her even with the door bolted shut behind her. The slamming door had attracted the attentions of Libby and Tyrone, and they entered the living room with questioning looks.<p>

"Jesus, Elissa, what is your problem? You look like you've seen a ghost or something. Don't tell me you're seeing stuff out there. I was just picking on you about the house. It's really not that big of a deal. All that stuff happened a long time ago, anyway."

Wordlessly, Elissa held out the scrap of paper to Libby. Libby reached out to take it from her, her bangles clanking, and peered at it. Her eyes scanned over the picture and then she flipped it over to try to decipher the smudged type.

"It's just a piece of old newspaper, Elissa. Really old newspaper at that. This thing has to be older than all of us. I bet you maybe it was somewhere in here stuck onto something and maybe the movers disturbed it yesterday and it blew out there onto the porch when Chance and Thora left. Hell, maybe Chance found it and stuck it out there just to mess with you. I told you she can be a bitch sometimes. Maybe she was pissed that you were hanging out with Robert yesterday while she was in that advisers meeting or something. She's petty and vindictive like that."

Elissa thought about what Libby was saying. Would Chance have really done something like that to her? She thought she and Chance were good friends. And as if on cue, the front door opened again. Chance and Thora had returned.

"Elissa, I know I'm not the greatest when it comes to keeping house," Thora said, "but you do know that groceries are supposed to be brought inside and not just left on the porch, right?"

Ignoring Thora's comment, Elissa grabbed the newspaper clipping back from Libby and turned around, holding the clipping out to Chance and Thora and saying, "Do either of you know anything about this? I found it on the porch."

"No, I've never seen it before," Thora said, reaching out for it herself for a better looking.

"What about you, Chance?" Elissa asked. "Did you put it out there to get revenge on me for some reason?"

"What are you talking about?" Chance replied, confused and slightly hurt by the accusation. "Why would I want revenge on you? I've never seen that before either."

"Well god dammit!" Elissa shouted. "Someone put it out there for me to find!"

As the three girls argued, Libby backed away unnoticed, smiling at the rift that was forming between them.

Once in her bedroom, Tyrone following her, she closed the door and asked, "Did you put that clipping out there? That was great!"

"What clipping you talking about?" he replied.

"Oh, never mind!" she said. "Maybe Chance or Thora really did do it. Either way, that couldn't have gone any better!"

* * *

><p>After helping Elissa put the groceries up, Chance and Thora decided to go with her to the movie rental store. Chance was driving her car, with Elissa in the passenger seat and Thora in the back. Elissa was still upset about the article and they thought that she

could perhaps use the company.<p>

"I'm sorry I got mad at you two," Elissa suddenly said. "It's just that between the article and what Libby was telling me, I didn't know what to think."

"It's okay," Chance replied. "I can understand why you were upset. Don't worry about it though. I'm sure there's a reasonable explanation for it."

"Yeah, I'm sure it means nothing," Thora added.

"Well," Elissa started to say, "I saw...someone too."

"What do you mean?" Thora inquired.

"It was...I guess a man, wearing this dark jumpsuit and...a white mask," Elissa explained. "He was really creepy. First he was hiding behind the bushes and then he was standing across the street when I found that piece of newspaper."

"Maybe it was just someone trying out a Halloween costume?" Thora suggested.

"I thought about that myself," Elissa said, "but Halloween's over two months away. Little early, isn't it?"

"Maybe you have a stalker," Chance said, letting out a small laugh.

"That's not funny," Elissa said. "Whoever it was really scared me."

"It was probably just a neighbor," Chance then said. "Maybe they were doing yard work and wore the mask to keep stuff out of their face?"

"Yard work on both sides of the street?" Elissa questioned. "Maybe you're right though. I hope you're right."

They soon reached the movie rental store, a local mom-and-pop place. Elissa tried to forget about what had occurred so far that day as they browsed through the movies, joking and laughing at some of the titles. Eventually, at Chance's insistence, they settled on 'Evil Dead 2: Dead by Dawn'.

"It's extremely funny!" she promised both Elissa and Thora. "There's a little gore," which saying strangely caused her to giggle, "and a touch of romance."

"Sounds all right to me," Thora said, turning the cover over to take in the artwork.

"Besides, Bruce Campbell is in it. His presence makes it automatically awesome." Chance glanced over at Elissa with a touch of concern. "You sure you're up to something funny AND scary tonight, Lis?"

"Yeah, yeah I'm fine. Really, you were both probably right. I just overreacted. I guess the movie and thinking about starting classes

Monday is just getting to me. And Libby doesn't help things one bit."

"What did she say to you, besides blaming Chance for the newspaper clipping?" Thora asked, handing the DVD to Chance.

"She kept hinting there was something wrong with the house, but she wouldn't tell me what it was. She insinuated that something had happened there a long time ago, something bad. It was almost like she was getting off on knowing something I didn't know, and with everything else today, well..." Elissa trailed off, as Thora wrapped an arm around her comfortingly.

"There's nothing wrong with the house, Elissa. Libby's just being Libby. You know how she can be. She's just teasing you. Don't you think if something were wrong Mr. Rowe would have mentioned it when we signed the lease that day?"

"Thora's right. I think he would have had to disclose something like a murder or suicide before you signed the lease. And trust me, I know Libby. She can be, well..."

"...kind of a bitch." Thora and Elissa answered in unison, eliciting a chuckle from Chance.

"Exactly. So ladies, Dead by Dawn?" She waved the DVD teasingly.

"Sure!" Thora's eyes glimmered wickedly. "We can always pretend Libby is one of the doomed characters. That could be fun."

"Sounds like a fine idea, Thora. In fact, how do you think I've managed to remain roommates with her for so long?" Chance laughed, making her way to the check out. Elissa and Thora followed, giggling at their little secret.

* * *

><p>The sun had long since set on the second day those girls had spent in his house. Blue wavery light flickered through the curtains on the living room window, illuminating the faces of the three girls who sat in front of the television sharing a bowl of popcorn. Idle chatter interspersed with the guttural sounds issuing from the speaker filled his ears, however it was not really anything that truly interested him.<p>

His eyes settled on Elissa, who obviously was no longer dwelling on her encounter with him earlier that day. Her mouth was open in a boisterous laugh, obviously finding the prattling of her friends extremely entertaining. Perhaps she'd already forgotten about the clipping he'd left there for her to find, or else she had merely set it to the side long enough to lose herself in a movie and the company of others.

The other two girls seemed almost an afterthought for the moment as he focused on Elissa, noticing the way she brought her hand to her mouth when the cacophony coming from the television grew especially loud, and the way her brow furrowed and the smile slipped off her face in response to something Thora had said. He continued taking the sight in as he almost absently brought a hand to the side of the

house, tracing a calloused finger almost haphazardly into the fine layer of dirt on the white boards left by the last heavy rain.

From his vantage spot across the street he'd watched her pick up his gift, almost as if she'd known it was intended for her. The look on her face when she'd seen him out by the carport had been especially worth the effort, bringing him back to a place that while long since visited had never been forgotten.

He lowered his gaze to the gleaming white exposed by his finger from the haze of dirt. Studying the lines for a moment, he raised his head, took a long look at Elissa, and tilted his head. His breath coming so hard it was fairly deafening inside the white latex shrouding his face, he began to draw his finger through the dirt more purposefully, eyes never leaving Elissa's face. After what seemed like forever he stepped back to admire his handiwork.

Apparently satisfied for the moment, he stepped away from the window silently seeming to almost fade into the night itself. The only evidence that he'd ever been there was in the form of what appeared to be a childish scrawled L with two bars added to modify it into an E.

4. Sunday, August 25th, Part I

"Morning Elissa," Thora said, still clad in her bathrobe and slippers sitting at the table nursing what was obviously her first cup of coffee for the day.

"Maybe a little closer to 'Afternoon, Elissa'" Elissa teased, pointing to the clock. Thora dismissed the time with a wave of her hand. "What are your plans for today?"

"Nothing, hopefully. I have to get up at seven tomorrow for that Trig class, and I'll be damned if I'm going to do anything especially taxing today. I just want to chill out and be lazy. You're lucky your first class isn't until ten. You'll still be in bed when I leave for class. Some people have all the luck." Thora took another sip of coffee, made a face, and elected to add another spoonful of sugar to it.

"Oh, don't worry. I doubt I'll sleep in that late. I'll definitely get up to see you off to class." Elissa took a mug and poured herself some coffee as well, and sat down across from Thora. "Did you sleep all right last night?"

"Like the dead. How about you? I heard you in there tossing and turning for a long time after you went to bed."

"I guess I'm just still getting used to the house. I've kind of always had trouble sleeping in new places." Elissa said, slowly stirring sugar into her own cup.

"After you went to bed Chance and I talked for a while. We're kind of worried about you."

"If it's about yesterday, it's nothing, I already told you, I just got freaked out. It's done, and today is another day." Elissa said with the conviction that her words would indeed make it so.

"Libby's really turning out of more of a problem then I thought she'd be when we discussed all rooming together. Sure, I knew her from school and from a couple of parties, but I don't know how Chance has tolerated her as long as she has."

"Well, at least she tends to stay over at Tyrone's most nights so far. Makes the evenings a lot more peaceful."

"Seriously Elissa, if she keeps teasing you about the house, let me know. Chance and I both thought that was really fucked up, especially after that incident. I still think maybe she might have done it to mess with you. Chance told me about some stuff she did in their old place that made me want to slap the red right off of her head."

"What kind of stuff?" Elissa asked, her interest piqued.

"Well, Chance said things used to come up missing at their old place sometimes. It was never anything too expensive, and she never really accused anyone, but she said she kept the place locked down like Fort Knox. The only person who had a key to the place other than her mom and dad was Libby. Before Tyrone moved out of the dorms Libby used to bring him over to spend the night a lot and they would fight about that."

"Why would she be upset about that? Did she think he was the one taking things?"

"Well like I said she never accused anyone of taking anything and really tried to blow it off, but apparently Tyrone and Rob got into a huge fight over there one evening over something he said to Chance. Rob's tires were slashed the next day, and Chance told Libby that she didn't want Tyrone over at the apartment anymore after that."

"Jeez. I can't say I blame her for that."

"Me either. But I do wish Chance had said something about all of that before we signed the lease. I mean, yeah, we might have had to pay a little more until we found someone to take the other room but still." Thora poured herself another cup of coffee, topping up Elissa's.

"Hey Thora?"

"Yeah?"

"You don't think that maybe Tyrone could be still mad at Rob or Chance, and be doing stuff around here, do you?"

"I don't know. But I can tell you if I walk out to a set of slashed tires, heads will roll."

Elissa was silent, her hands clasped around her mug, and her eyes fixed on the kitchen window.

"Something wrong?" Thora asked, looking over to the window.

"No, I just thought I saw something out there."

Thora groaned. "I shouldn't have even told you any of that. You were already seeing boogeymen in yards and carports yesterday. Look, I like Chance and all, but she was way too tolerant of all of that bullshit. I promise you, if anything like that happens around here, the police will be called."

Elissa looked away from the window and took a slow drink of her coffee. She didn't say anything, but she was almost certain she'd seen a glimpse of a bone white mask outside that window.

* * *

><p>As the day progressed, Elissa tried to push the thoughts of the figure in the white mask out of her head, along with the newspaper clipping and her encounter with the elderly man at the grocery store. She needed to focus on getting ready for the next day. Her first day of college. She was more than a little nervous about it. Thora, Chance, and Libby were all a year ahead of her and while she was sure that at least Thora and Chance would help her adjust if she needed it, it still didn't do much to ease her nervousness. Of course, she was also sure that she would feel better about it after a few days or so. It was just college, after all. People all of the world experienced it everyday and handled it just fine. She could too.<p>

Realizing that she left her reading glasses in her truck the day before, she headed outside to get them. The college was nearby and she planned on walking there, so she was afraid that she would forget to take her glasses with her if she didn't retrieve them then.

However, all thoughts of her glasses and school went out of her head when she opened the front door to discover another slip of paper stuck in a crack on the porch. It was also yellowed, but it didn't appear to be another piece of newspaper, though that didn't do anything to comfort her. Cautiously, she stepped towards it and bent down to pull it out of the crack, her hand uncontrollably shaking. Turning the paper over in her hands, she saw that it said 'Strode Realty' along the top of the page. It was one of those free one sheet calendars that businesses sometimes gave out. She noticed that it was from 1978, years before she was even born. She noticed something else too, which stuck out even more. For the month of October, on the 31st, the day of Halloween, a crude red 'X' had been drawn in crayon. The crayon marking appeared to have been made more recently, as it didn't seem to be faded or anything.

Suddenly, she looked up, expecting to see that white mask peering back at her from the bushes or across the street. It wasn't anywhere in sight though. Still feeling unnerved, she turned around and headed back inside, shutting and locking the door behind her, the calendar still in hand.

He was near though. Much nearer than Elissa would've been comfortable with. He had been standing behind the bushes at the side of the house, near where he had drawn the 'L' converted into an 'E' in the dirt on the side of the house the night before. She would have seen him if she'd looked harder. She had expected him to use his same spots from the day before, but that was something she had yet to learn about him. He had many mysterious ways of working and when it came to the neighborhood he'd spent his early childhood and a big

part of his adulthood in, well, no one seemed to know it quite like he did.

Inside, Elissa had her back to the door, examining the calendar further. Realizing that something was wrong, Thora came out of the living room to investigate.

"What is it?" she asked.

Not saying anything, Elissa passed the calendar to her.

She examined it herself for a moment before asking, "Was it on the porch, like the newspaper clipping?"

Elissa simply nodded.

"This probably isn't anything," Thora said, "Why would anyone intentionally leave this for us to find?"

"What about the red 'X' then?" Elissa asked. "It's on Halloween! First that person in the mask, then that newspaper clipping, and now this! It's got to mean something!"

By then, Chance had overheard the commotion and came to investigate as well.

"What's going on?" she asked as she stepped into the front hall.

"Elissa found this," Thora answered, passing the calendar to Chance. "It was on the porch too."

Chance looked at too before looking up at her friends and saying, "You know, maybe Libby put it out there. I mean, after yesterday, maybe she just wanted to mess with you further."

Elissa didn't respond. She didn't know how to. Would Libby really go that far just to upset her? If so, it was definitely working.

Apparently Chance was curious too, because she then shouted, "Hey, Libby! Come here for a minute!"

"What?" Libby asked, sulking out of her room.

"Did you put this on the porch?" Chance asked, holding up the calendar for Libby to see.

"Oh please, get over yourselves." Libby answered, looking directly at Elissa as she spoke. "I have better things to do than placing random garbage just to freak Elissa out."

At that, Libby turned around and headed back to her room, a smirk across her face. Closing her door, she sat down on the bed, pondering the situation. She really hadn't placed that old calendar on the porch and she didn't really care if they thought she did either. Maybe Tyrone had. It was unexpectedly creative on his part if that was true.

"Let them accuse me," she thought to herself.

She then smiled to herself as she thought about her big plans for them.

* * *

><p>Thora and Chance had moved Elissa to the living room in an attempt to calm her down. They were now getting more than kind of worried about her.<p>

"Look," Chance said, "I'm certain that Libby's just messing with you. I've just about had enough of her shit for good."

"How do you explain the whoever it is with the mask then?" Elissa asked.

"Maybe it's Tyrone," Thora suggested. "Did you see them again?"

"Well," Elissa started, "I'm not really sure."

"I told you about Rob's tires getting slashed," Thora said. "I wouldn't put it past him to dress up like that, especially if Libby told him to do it. She's got him wrapped around her finger."

"I'm not so sure though," Elissa replied. "You know I'm not a fan of Libby or Tyrone, but I just can't imagine either of them going that low. Maybe I should try talking to her more directly about it."

"Maybe," Thora said, though Elissa could tell that she wasn't really very confident about that idea or it making anything better.

* * *

><p>Elissa knocked on Libby's door.<p>

"Libby? It's Elissa. Can we talk?"

She remembered having to do that the day before too. It was starting to become a habit, one she didn't particularly enjoy. While she didn't agree with some of Libby's choices in life, she didn't want to be at war with her. They were supposed to be roommates. Friends even, though she was pretty sure Thora and Chance were past wanting to be friends with Libby and quite frankly, she couldn't blame them at all for feeling that way.

"What is it?" Libby answered.

Elissa opened the door to find Libby sitting on the edge of her bed, texting someone, either Tyrone or one of her artsy friends.

"May I sit down?" Elissa asked.

Libby looked up briefly from her phone, stared at Elissa for a moment, and then shrugged. She took that to mean that Libby had granted her permission, so she took a seat.

"Look," Elissa said, "I know you and I aren't great friends and I know you don't get along well with Thora and Chance much either. I'm

not here to talk about that though. I just want you to tell me the truth."

Finally pulling away from her phone for more than a few seconds, Libby said, "Okay."

"You and Tyrone really didn't put the newspaper clipping and calendar on the porch, right?"

"Nope, we didn't," Libby responded, trying not to smirk right in Elissa's face. Though she really didn't do it and Tyrone might not have either, she still thought it was pretty funny and it helped her with her own plans.

"And you have no idea who's been prowling around out in that white mask?"

Again trying not to smirk, Libby said, "Elissa, I swear, I have no idea who that is. I still think you're over-thinking it though."

"Okay. Well, I'm sorry then," Elissa said, getting up to leave and re-closing Libby's door behind her.

As her footsteps disappeared down the hallway, Libby had to bury her head in a pillow as she laughed. Elissa had no clue what kind ideas she'd just given to her.

5. Sunday, August 25th, Part II

Elissa was curled on the couch with a book when she heard the knock at the door. She sat still for a moment, her heart beginning to pound just a little bit faster. Setting her book down, she slowly rose, eyes trained on the door. She craned to look out the window, and gave a deep sigh of relief as she recognized Rob's white Trans Am parked in front.

She unlocked the door, and sure enough there stood Rob on the porch. "Hey Rob. Chance is upstairs. Want me to go get her for you?" Elissa said, waving him inside.

"Yeah, that would be great. Thanks Elissa," he said, looking around at the living room. "It's looking good in here. Already seems like you guys have been here forever."

"Thanks, everything came together quite well. Hold on and I'll go get Chance." Elissa was headed for the stairs when Libby sauntered out of her room.

"Rob? I thought I heard you out here. How is it going?" Libby gave him a coy look, all but fluttering her lashes at him. Elissa stood still for a moment, not really sure what to do. Finally she raced up the stairs for Chance.

"Chance! Rob's downstairs!"

"Tell him I'll be right down! I'm trying on one of Thora's tops!" Chance called, admiring the blue and white shirt in the mirror.

Elissa hurried downstairs, not wanting to leave Rob alone with Libby too long. She didn't trust the girl, despite their earlier conversation and her hunch proved right when she walked in on what was certainly an awkward exchange. Libby seemed to inch closer and closer to Rob with every word she spoke, while Rob wore a look of extreme discomfort.

"Come on, Rob. Don't be such a stick in the mud." Libby purred, all but throwing herself at him. Rob was about to say something when Chance whisked down the stairs, wearing Thora's top with a pair of dark skinny jeans. Libby backed up, but threw a devilish smile at Chance before slinking back off to her room. Chance stared at her and then turned to Rob with a questioning look.

"It was nothing," Rob said, hoping to assure Chance that he wasn't fooling around on her. "I swear. You know I have no interest in her. I don't care for her or that boyfriend of hers."

Chance didn't say anything for a moment, and Elissa felt extremely uncomfortable, as if she were witnessing something she shouldn't. Leave it to Libby to stir up trouble on what had been a relatively peaceful evening.

"I promise nothing happened, Chance. You know you're the only one for me." Rob said, torn between wanting to reassure Chance and bawl Libby out.

"I believe you Rob. She's just so... ugh, let's go. I think I need to get to of the house for a bit."

"Bye guys," Elissa said, waving halfheartedly as they turned to leave. She retrieved her book and climbed the stairs to go to her room. After what she'd just seen she didn't want to be down there with Libby. Had the girl no decency at all? She'd been practically throwing herself at Robert when Elissa had come back down, and who knew what she'd done in those few seconds she was upstairs to put such a disturbed look on Rob's face.

She flopped on her bed, and tried to pick up where she'd left off before giving up and setting the book on her nightstand. Elissa wished Thora was there to talk to, but she'd gone out for a pint of ice cream that she'd forgotten to list yesterday and had no doubt gotten caught up in incidental shopping.

Elissa wished she'd tagged along now, as she felt too keyed up to relax and read, and no where near tired enough to tuck in for the night. She decided to go ahead and lay out her outfit for the next day, maybe that would take her mind off of all the turmoil this new house had become home to.

Elissa browsed through the clothes in her closet for a few minutes before selecting a cream colored v-neck sweater and nice pair of jeans. She wasn't a vain person, but she didn't want to look like a slob for her first day of college either. She then decided to double check her backpack, making sure that she had everything she thought she'd need, such as pens and notebook paper.

When she was finished with checking her backpack as well, she stood in her room for a moment, just thinking, all the while try to avoid

any negative thoughts. And that was when she decided that she would take a bath. That seemed like the ticket. A nice, long, hot bath to soothe and relax her.

Grabbing her book from the nightstand in case she decided to read it while in the tub, she headed to the bathroom directly across the hall from her room. Closing the door behind her, she set her book down on the lid of the toilet and placed the stopper in the tub's drain before turning on the water. Adjusting the hot and cold knobs until it was at the temperature she wanted, she then poured some bubbles in. Beginning to undress, she first removed her shirt and pants and then unclasped her bra and stepped out of her panties, hanging the clothes on the towel rack next to the towel she intended to use when she was done.

She looked down at her body, at her small, perky tits and tuft of pubic hair. With one hand, she rubbed her fingers through the pubic hair, brushing against her clit in the process, her body reacting with a slight tingling from the brief touch. Looking back up, she saw that the tub was almost full and stepped back towards the faucet, twisting the knobs again to shut the water off.

Tying her dirty blonde hair back so as to not get it wet, she then stepped into the tub, her feet and the lower part of her legs disappearing beneath the white bubbles, before sitting down, the first touch of the hot water already soothing her slightly. She rubbed some the soapy water along her arms before letting them too disappear into the bubbles. Laying her head back, she closed her eyes, losing herself in the warmth of the water. Though the thoughts of all that had occurred in the past couple days were still on the surface of her mind, her body itself was beginning to feel relaxed.

Almost absently, she moved her hand back to her pubic hair, back to her clit, and she began to rub some more. Her eyes remained closed as ripples formed in the water from her movements. Her mouth open slightly as her breathing got heavier and her rubbing got faster. Spreading her legs a bit, she used her other hand to slide a couple fingers into her warm slit, maneuvering them in and out as she continued toying with her clit.

Elissa wanted to moan, but she kept it at heavy breathing, quickly shutting her mouth whenever she thought she might moan. She didn't want Libby to hear her, or Thora and Chance for that matter if they happened to return while she was still in the tub. With Thora and Chance, there was only the embarrassment of them overhearing her masturbating, but with Libby, there was the embarrassment and the fact that she would likely find some way to use it against her in the near future.

She removed her fingers from her pussy and they crept a little further down towards her anus. She carefully inserted one finger into the tight hole, gently pushing it as far as it could go, her asshole gripping it as she let it sit in there for a moment. She then began to retract it, wriggling her finger some as she did, allowing it to exit completely, before she pushed it back in with the addition of a second finger, going even slower with it, all the while still rubbing her clit as fast as she could manage.

She was close to cumming. She could feel it building up inside of

her. Before she had the chance to however, she heard creaking on the stairs, of someone walking up it, and that caused her to instantly stop rubbing her clit and pull her two fingers out of her ass, her eyes snapping open in the process. Whoever was on the stairs was moving slowly and when they reached the top, they turned and headed towards her room, returning just a moment later and stopping outside of the bathroom door. Sitting up, she was able to see the shadow of whoever it was beneath the crack of the door.

"Thora, is that you?" she asked, hopeful.

No response.

"Chance?" she then asked.

No response.

"Libby?" she asked, hoping that it was her despite her behavior earlier on.

No response.

"Libby, if that's you, it isn't funny!" she said, beginning to feel worried. Worried that it wasn't any of her roommates or any of their boyfriends. Surely even Tyrone would've said something by then.

Thoughts of the figure in the white mask came flooding into her mind in full force. And what could she do if it was him? She was naked and had nothing to defend herself with. She hadn't locked either of the bathroom doors. Her heart was pounding and her eyes were wide with fear. She was considering leaping out of the tub to lock the doors when whoever it was turned around and just as slowly walked back down the stairs.

When she couldn't hear the footsteps anymore, she quickly climbed out of the tub and grabbed her towel, drying her feet and legs some so she wouldn't slip on the tile floor in the bathroom or the wooden floor in the hallway, before wrapping the towel around her body and throwing open the door, half running out onto the landing, looking down over the railing at the first floor. No one was there. She couldn't hear if anyone was moving around down there either. Her body was shaking and it wasn't from being cold. She was scared. Scared that some stranger had just broken into their house.

"Libby?" she called, gripping the wooden railing in an attempt to steady herself. "Libby!"

If Libby was there, she was ignoring her.

"Anyone?" she finally asked, desperate, though it occurred to her that if Thora or Chance were there, they would've come to her by then.

The house was eerily quiet. Elissa returned to the bathroom, hastily drying herself off before slipping back into her clothes. She considered calling the police, but she was starting to wonder if she'd just imagined the whole thing. If someone had broken in, where did they go? Were they waiting somewhere downstairs for her or had they managed to quietly sneak back outside? Maybe the house had

simply creaked from the wind and with everything else that had occurred lately, she'd conjured up the other creaking and the shadow underneath the door in her head. Was she going crazy?

As she walked back out onto the landing, the front door suddenly opened and someone walked in.

"Okay, who left the door unlocked?" came Thora's voice, back from the store. "I don't care if this is a quiet neighborhood. I don't want someone just waltzing in and robbing us blind."

Elissa thought she was going to cry at the sound of Thora's voice. As Thora closed and locked the front door and walked further inside with a couple full grocery bags in one hand, she saw Elissa standing above her and immediately realized that something was wrong by the look on her face.

"Elissa?" she said. "What is it?"

"I...I think someone broke in..." Elissa answered, tears beginning to stream down her face.

Setting her bags on the floor for the time being, Thora, unlike Elissa, didn't hesitate to take out her cell phone and call the police.

* * *

><p>Chance and Robert had decided to simply go for a walk around the neighborhood after what had transpired with Libby. She still felt a bit upset despite him trying to reassure her. She did believe him. She trusted him and knew that she didn't have to watch him when it came to other girls. To see another girl, a roommate at that, fawn all over him hurt her though.<p>

"I think I should tell you something," Rob finally said as they walked, the evening air cool.

Chance bit her lip, fearing the worst.

"I didn't want to have to do this, because I didn't want to cause any unnecessary trouble between you and Libby," he continued, "but yesterday, when she came by the hardware store, she was flirting like crazy with me and even tried to touch me. It didn't go beyond that, I swear to you it didn't, but after what just happened, I felt that you should know the whole truth."

"...That bitch!" Chance said in response, stopping in her tracks on the sidewalk. "I can't believe the nerve of her!"

Rob stopped too, looking at her, not sure what else to say, if he should say anything.

"I've really had enough of her shit!" Chance continued. "I don't care if the semester is just starting tomorrow. Either she's moving out of that house or I am!"

"Are you mad at me?" he finally asked.

"No, I'm not mad at you," she answered sternly, and then in a calmer

tone, she said, "I just wish you would've told me before."

Stepping towards him, she hugged him, nuzzling her head against his shoulder.

"I do understand why you didn't tell me," she said, "but between that and the way she's been acting towards Elissa lately, I really think she needs to go."

"Do you want to stay at my place tonight?" he asked, lightly kissing the top of her blonde head.

"It's tempting. I better not though. I don't want to be late tomorrow. Besides, you might end up keeping me awake all night," she said, looking up at him with a grin on her face. "Late and tired are two things I definitely don't want to be tomorrow."

That time, it was she who kissed him, pressing her lips against his as the moonlight beat down on them.

* * *

><p>As they turned the corner onto Lampkin Lane, they saw the flashing blue and red lights of a police car parked up the street.<p>

"Oh shit, I think that's at our place!" Chance said, taking off in a run, leaving Rob behind.

Reaching the house, she realized that she was correct. One cop was standing on the porch, talking with Thora, and she could see that another was inside. The cop on the porch turned to face her as she bounded up the few steps.

"I live here," she said before the cop could protest her arrival, Rob stopping behind her as he caught up to her. "What happened?"

Thora stepped towards her to explain and said, "Elissa thinks someone broke into the house while she was taking a bath."

Chance could see a look of concern on Thora's face, but she didn't know if it was because of the break in itself or because of Elissa, who she could see sitting on the couch inside, her face in her hands.

"Did they find anyone?" Chance then asked.

Before Thora or the cop could say anything, the other cop stepped out of the house to speak.

"I'm Sheriff Elamb," he said, reaching out to shake Chance's hand, which she took. "I wasn't aware that anyone was even currently living in this old place."

"Well, we are," Chance replied. "We moved in Friday."

"That's what your friend here said," he said, motioning towards Thora. "Funny thing, that."

"Why's that funny?" Chance asked, thinking the sheriff was acting

peculiar.

"Oh, I just never thought anyone would ever want to live here is all," he answered. "Anyway, we didn't find anyone in the house and there's no sign of forced entry. Maybe you all simply left a door unlocked and whoever it was fled when they realized someone was home."

"I locked the front door when I left," Thora said. "Libby was the last one to leave I guess though, because she wasn't here when I returned home."

"Well, either way, even in a small town like this, you can never be too safe," he replied. "We'll head off now, but don't hesitate to call again if you girls hear or see anything else suspicious."

Both Thora and Chance thought of telling him about the newspaper clipping and the old calendar, but they weren't entirely convinced themselves that they weren't from Libby or that they weren't just pieces of garbage that got blown onto the porch. It wasn't that they didn't believe Elissa. They just didn't believe that things were what they seemed to her.

Thanking the sheriff and the other officer, Thora went inside while Chance stayed out to talk to Rob a little more. Sitting down on the couch next to Elissa, Thora slid an arm around her shoulders.

"Elissa." Thora started, "do you want me to get you anything?"

Head still in her hands, Elissa shook her head 'no'.

"I think I just want to go to bed now," Elissa said, feeling somewhat comforted since her two friends had returned home, though she realized that she probably sounded crazy to them.

Thora walked Elissa up to her bed, telling her that she and Chance would be up there for bed shortly, and when she got back downstairs, Chance had come inside, having said good night to Rob.

Sitting down on the couch themselves, Thora said, "I feel so bad for Elissa. I'm not sure what we can do for her either."

"I was just discussing a solution with Rob actually," Chance replied. "After tonight, I think Libby needs to go."

Chance then explained to Thora all that Rob had told her earlier than evening.

"It really is hard to believe that Libby would go so far to hurt Elissa," Thora said afterward, "but I don't know what else it could be. Elissa keeps saying she sees someone creeping around, but I haven't. Have you?"

"No, I haven't," Chance answered, "but it wouldn't surprise me at all if Tyrone was helping Libby out with whatever they're up to."

"I guess we have no choice but to kick her out then," Thora said, Chance nodding in agreement.

They only had to wait a few minutes before Libby returned home herself. She started to walk right past the living room without saying anything to Thora or Chance, but they called her back to them.

"Libby," Thora said as Libby stood in front of them, a look on her face that gave them the impression that she didn't even want to be in the same room with them, "did you leave the front door unlocked when you left tonight?"

"What the hell? I don't know," Libby said, seemingly thinking about. "Yeah, I probably did. Elissa was still here."

"Well look," Thora then said, "we've been talking and we think you should move out."

"Are you joking?" Libby asked in disbelief. "Just because I left the front door unlocked?"

"No," Thora continued, "we aren't joking. We think it's for the best for everyone if you leave though. You can stay here until next weekend. That should give you enough time to make new living arrangements."

"I can't believe this!" Libby shouted. "Is this because of Elissa and that fucking overactive imagination of hers?"

"Oh shut up!" Chance finally said. "It's about everything you've done over these past couple of days. Rob told me all about what you tried with him. I think I speak for Thora and Elissa when I say we've had enough of you and your bullshit games."

"You know what? Fine!" Libby replied. "I'll leave! I'll be gone before next weekend I hope!"

At that, Libby stomped away, the expected slamming of her bedroom door reverberating throughout the old house.

6. Monday, August 26th, Part I

The alarm clock woke Elissa up the next morning. She hadn't slept very well at all, her dreams plagued with visions of an emotionless, white mask. What had occurred the night before was still fresh on her mind. She was glad that she'd be out of the house for the day. It would be a nice distraction for her.

Reaching over to switch off the alarm clock, she climbed out of the bed and made it. Then moving the clothes she'd preselected over to the bed, she noticed that the pair of panties she'd set out were missing. Or at least she thought she'd set them out. Had she not actually done so and had simply forgotten that fact? Shrugging it off, she went over to her dresser to get a pair out.

Freshened up and dressed, she headed downstairs to the kitchen to hear Thora singing along with the radio while at the stove cooking pancakes and bacon for breakfast, Chance sitting at the table and looking through the morning paper.

"We've got big trouble," Thora sang, "in little China."

Seeing Elissa enter the room, Chance looked up from the paper and smiled, saying, "Good morning, Lis. Don't mind Thora. She just thinks we need entertainment for breakfast."

Giggling, Thora looked over at Elissa from the stove and said, "Hey. Go ahead and sit down. This is almost ready."

"Oh Thora," Elissa said. "You didn't have to cook breakfast for us."

"I told you I was going to get up to see you off to class," Thora replied. "Just don't expect me to cook like this for you every morning."

The three girls laughed at Thora's last comment. Elissa sat down as she was told and a moment later, Thora brought three plates of food to table along with a cup of coffee for Elissa.

"That was the Coupe de Villes with their 1986 hit 'Big Trouble in Little China'," the male voice of the DJ on the radio said as the song came to an end. "We'll be back in a few moments after a word from our sponsor, Silver Shamrock!"

As they began to eat, Elissa asked, "Where's Libby?"

"After last night," Chance began, a half-eaten piece of bacon in one hand, "Thora and I told her that we thought that should move out. Needless to say, she didn't take it very well."

"We told her she had until next weekend, but we think she took off in the middle of the night," Thora continued for her. "We're guessing she'll be back at some point to get her stuff though, because it's all still in her room."

Elissa didn't respond, simply nodding before taking a sip of coffee. What could she say? She didn't blame them for wanting Libby gone, especially after what had occurred between her and Rob the night before. And if Libby had been behind all the things that had been getting to her lately, she didn't really want Libby around anymore either.

* * *

><p>Libby had indeed taken off in the middle of the night. She'd crashed at Tyrone's apartment. She was pissed and told him about everything. Well, almost everything. She did leave out the parts involving her and Rob. That had completely backfired on her anyway.<p>

Looking through the refrigerator, she had considered cooking something for Tyrone and herself to eat, but nothing in his fridge appeared to be edible, with everything either out of date or simply unknown to her. The unknown substances scared her more than the stuff that was out of date. She'd have to pick up something for herself to eat on her way to school.

"Shit, this is too early for me to be up," he grunted at her as she closed the fridge's door, stretching his arms into the air as he did.

"I didn't tell you to get up, did I?" she asked, his complaining worsening her mood.

"How the fuck can anyone sleep with all the noise you be making?" he retorted.

"Whatever," she replied. "Did you think about what I said last night?"

"About what?" he answered.

Sighing in frustration, she said, "About scaring those tramps I live with before I move out."

"Oh yeah," he said, finally remembering. "Yeah, I'll do it."

"Good," she answered, walking over to him and giving him a hug and kiss. "I have to go now. I'll call you later."

* * *

><p>With hopefully everything she'd need for her first day of college, Elissa stepped out onto the porch of their house, relieved that no mysterious pieces of paper were stuffed into any cracks. She'd see Thora and Chance later on when they showed up for their own classes.<p>

Heading to the sidewalk, she began to walk down it in the direction of the college. It was only a few blocks away and she always enjoyed a nice walk. It was a beautiful morning, though slightly chilly. She was taking in the fresh air, doing her best to forget about her troubles over the past few days, the thoughts of school helping in distracting her thoughts, which she was grateful for.

In fact, she became so distracted, she didn't notice the figure that had begun following her down the sidewalk. He kept his distance with his methodical pace, having stepped out from behind what one might think were his favorite bushes. If one were to walk past him, they would hear his breathing behind his mask.

Being out in the open like that was risky for him, but as usual, he seemed to not worry at all. Most people who had day jobs were already at work and virtually no schoolchildren lived on Lampkin Lane. No one wanted to raise a family on his street. It was as if they thought there was some kind of unspoken curse when it came to his street.

Elissa would undoubtedly freak out if she happened to turn around to find him following her like that, but she didn't and when she turned a corner onto a busier street, he ceased following her the time being, returning home.

* * *

><p>Lonnie Elamb, or Sheriff Elamb as most residents of Haddonfield called him those days, sat outside of the house in his police car. He was currently forty-seven years old, but remembered the night of Halloween back in 1978 like it was yesterday. Though he hadn't been directly affected by the murders of that night, he had decided to

tempt fate by approaching the house, his friends egging him on. He didn't want to look bad in front of his friends, especially after having bullied Tommy Doyle earlier in the day, so of course he did it. Rather fortunately though, someone had scared them off. A voice from behind the bushes. He never did find out who the voice had belonged to.<p>

When he was growing up, no one thought Lonnie would ever amount to anything good, but as it turned out, of all his friends, he was the only one to ever achieve anything worthwhile at all. Some of his friends hadn't even managed to finish grade school. If they could see him now, as sheriff of Haddonfield, they would probably all laugh at him. Lonnie Elamb, school bully turned straight-laced town sheriff.

His reason for being at the house that day wasn't on a dare. Something about the whole situation just didn't sit right with him, not that things ever did when they involved that house. Two of his predecessors had been more or less forced out of their jobs thanks to the Boogeyman. Leigh Brackett retired after his daughter, Annie, was murdered on that night in 1978 and Ben Meeker had been shot to death while trying to keep the Boogeyman locked up, his daughter, Kelly, also having been murdered just a year before that.

Lonnie hadn't even finished his rookie training when Ben Meeker died. There had been one other sheriff before Lonnie, Duane Hannigen, and he'd died of old age. Lonnie had a teenage daughter of his own, as well as a son, and he made sure they steered clear of that house. He didn't want them, nor anyone else, to meet the same fate so many others had over the years thanks to the Boogeyman, including the four girls currently living in its house. He still couldn't believe anyone had actually managed to rent the place out.

His thoughts and memories were cut short when a call came in on his car's radio.

"Sheriff?" said the female voice of the dispatcher. "Are you there? Over."

Picking up the radio, he said, "Yeah, I'm here. What is it? Over."

"Sheriff, there's a report of a break-in over at the hardware store," she answered. "Over."

Sighing, he replied with, "Okay, I'll be right there. Over and out."

He'd have to come watch the house another time. He just hoped that nothing bad occurred while he was away.

As Sheriff Elamb drove off to the hardware store, he stepped back out into the open, once again free to move around the property as he pleased.

* * *

><p>Elissa had successfully navigated through her first class, as well as the second by the time lunch had rolled around. While unfortunately due to her schedule she'd not been able to meet up with

Thora in the cafeteria, she recognized a girl from her English class sitting off in a corner by herself. Figuring a somewhat familiar face was better than none, she drifted over.<p>

"Mind if I sit here?" Elissa asked, gesturing to the empty seat.

"Oh no, go right ahead." Nodding her thanks, Elissa sat down and popped the top on her Coke. "I saw you in English earlier, didn't I?" The girl extended a hand towards Elissa with a smile. "I'm Adina Powell."

"Elissa Green. Nice to meet you."

"This your first day too?" Adina asked, unwrapping her sandwich. Elissa nodded.

"Yeah, first day, one more class to go and I'm calling it a day. Hopefully the cable will be on when I get home, my roommate said they were supposed to come out today."

"Cable? Lucky. Do you stay in the dorms? I'm in Davis Hall."

"No, I live off campus with some friends." Elissa replied, opening her carton of strawberry yogurt and giving it a quick stir. Adina grinned, a deep dimple forming in her left cheek.

"Off campus? Double lucky. Mom and Dad wanted me to stay at home and just commute since they only live about fifteen miles out, but I figured part of the whole college thing was getting out on my own. We kind of compromised on the dorms, although I really wanted to find a place off campus. Seems difficult to find anything reasonable around here though, and this way Mom can tell herself I'm not totally unsupervised I guess."

"It was pretty difficult to find something to rent around here that isn't either way too expensive or a complete dump. We really kind of lucked out with our house. Funny enough it's actually less than our old apartment which was pretty close to dump material."

"Where is it at?"

"It's over on Lampkin Lane. I forget the number, but it's that big white house on the left just after you come up over the hill."

Adina froze. Elissa blinked.

"What, did I say something wrong?" Elissa forced a laugh, the sound dying in the back of her throat as Adina regarded her with the utmost seriousness.

"That two story white clapboard on Lampkin Lane? That house?" Adina said, her eyes as wide as saucers. Elissa could feel that altogether familiar chill settling at the base of her spine.

"That's the one. Why?" Elissa asked, her thoughts immediately revisiting Libby's jabs at her regarding the house. "Seriously, tell me what is the big deal about the house, Adina. Did something happen there?"

"You really must not be from around here. You honestly don't know?"

Adina's voice dropped to a whisper, making Elissa feel as if she was being made privy to a secret.

"That's the Myers house." Apparently not satisfied with Elissa's blank look in response, she continued. "In the late sixties Michael Myers killed his older sister with a kitchen knife, and was sent up to that psychiatric hospital a couple hours north of here. Smith's something, I don't remember exactly."

"So he killed her in OUR house?" That icy feeling became stronger, and Elissa could feel her knees almost buckling with the force of it.

"Yeah, he did. The family moved out of the house shortly after. I mean, who would honestly want to live there after that?" Adina winced, realizing what she had said. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean it like that."

"Just my luck to take up residence in the local haunted house. Does the dead sister come down the stairs once a year on the anniversary of the murder dressed in white rattling chains or something like that? I think every town has a house like that." Trying to fight back the fear Elissa forced a chuckle.

"You're right about that. Not about the ghost I mean, but about the house. Although in most places it would be just that. A place where something awful happened a long time ago, and the only the stories remain. Problem is, it didn't end there. He decided to come home."

"I-I don't think I follow you," Several people were starting to rise from their seats around them and begin to clear away their trash, signifying that time was running short but Elissa's next class was the furthest thing from her mind right then. "He came back here? To my house?"

"He did. On Halloween. He came back for his younger sister. I can't remember her name, but she was just a baby when he was sent away. Anyway, he came back for her, and he would have killed her too if it hadn't been for his shrink stepping in. Apparently he'd had a hunch that Myers would come back here, and managed to be there to save the sister."

"But what happened then? To Myers? Did they haul him back off to the sanitarium, or to prison or something?"

"Oh, no. That shrink shot him, like totally unloaded a revolver into him I heard."

"So he's dead then." Elissa couldn't help but breath a sigh of relief. Adina quirked an eyebrow, still somewhat amazed that this girl had managed to live in town any amount of time without knowing this story.

"No. He went to the hospital to try to finish her off, and slaughtered most of the hospital staff trying to reach her. I don't remember the whole story, but apparently there were some oxygen tanks exploded and there was a big fire. The sister made it out in time, but Myers and his shrink both were burned pretty badly."

"I'm guessing you're going to tell me he somehow survived that too, the fire."

"Well yeah. They both did actually. Myers wound up back in the psychiatric facility in a coma and everyone was sure that was pretty much the end of it." Adina paused, and Elissa was about to ask whether or not he was still there, although she somehow already knew the answer. Adina's eyes flicked over to the clock.

"Sorry to cut it short, but I've got to get to class Elissa. Look, I wouldn't stress yourself out about it too much. It all happened a long time ago, and no one has seen Myers in years. He's probably dead and long gone by now." Adina turned to go, but Elissa caught her by the arm.

"Just one more thing, please." Adina opened her mouth to protest, but the desperate look in Elissa's eyes was enough to silence her. "You said he was in a coma in that facility, but then you said no one had seen him in years. What did you mean by that, did he come back again? Please, Adina..."

"He did. About ten years after the fire. For his niece." Adina replied, gently prying Elissa's hand from her arm. "But like I said, it was a long time ago. Before either of us were even born. No one has seen him in years. Just relax. I probably shouldn't have even said anything. I just thought... well, I don't know what I thought. But anyway, now you know. I've really got to get going." Adina took off at a brisk pace towards the exit, leaving Elissa to sit there and wonder.

Would he find his way home again?

7. Monday, August 26th, Part II

It had taken a while, but the house finally sat quiet. First that sheriff's car had come prowling around after he'd followed Elissa down the road a ways, and shortly after the other two girls had left the house, books in tow. He could have entered then, however he waited. Sure enough redheaded Libby had returned to the house within the hour, although she hadn't stayed long. He'd watched her, unseen, as she drifted through the house, winding up in Elissa's bedroom where she'd stayed for a few minutes before leaving through the back door with a small duffel bag and a glance back towards the house as she pulled away in her little yellow car.

Only then did he make his way towards the back of the house, towards the kitchen door he'd seen her exit shortly before. Predictably, when he brought his hand to the knob, it turned without any hindrance. The somewhat creaky door hinge was uncharacteristically quiet as he entered, almost as if the house itself was in league with him, although it was more likely the silence was due to years of well practiced stealth. The interior of the house garnered little if any of his attention, he'd seen it before after all. The furnishings that had once seemed new to him only days ago were more familiar now although still undeniably foreign.

He started up the stairs, and towards her bedroom. He could smell the faint hint of the perfume she'd spritzed on earlier, along with fresh paint and something that he'd come to identify as her own scent. A

small jewelry box also sat on the dresser, although it seemed out of alignment with the rest of the carefully placed trinkets on the dresser top, almost as if someone had picked it up to rifle through it and had not properly repositioned it. His eye settled on a small silver framed family portrait, Elissa smiling broadly seated between her parents who wore looks of pride. The picture was fairly recent, taken just before high school graduation, although he had no way of knowing that. He stared at it for a long moment, head cocked almost thoughtfully.

Then, his hand went to the side pocket of his dingy coveralls, and closed around something. He didn't take his eye off the picture as he withdrew his hand and lay his gift on the dresser for her to find later. Satisfied, he turned his back on the dresser and stalked off down the stairs.

She'd be coming home from school soon, and she'd find what he'd left for her, of that he had no doubt. After all she'd found the others already, and while they didn't seem to stir anything other than confusion in her, that would not always be the case. Soon enough she'd understand.

As he headed back down the stairs, the doorbell suddenly rang, causing him to stop in his tracks. He could see silhouette of someone through the curtain over the door's window, but nothing beyond that. Maybe it was that sheriff again, sniffing around some more. Whoever it was rang a couple more times before giving up and turning away.

* * *

><p>Thora came running down the sidewalk just as the cable technician's van was pulling away.<p>

"Shit," she said, slowing to a walk as the van disappeared down the street in the opposite direction.

The technician had called her just as she was getting out of her final class of the day, so she'd tried to hurry home. She'd originally planned on waiting for Elissa to walk home with her as both of their final classes on Mondays finished around the same time, but she left Elissa a text when that plan changed. Of course, not waiting and running home had both just proven to be pointless.

Reaching their house, she turned onto the front walk. From there, she could see a slip of paper tucked into the front door, undoubtedly a notice from the technician, which was confirmed when she removed and unfolded it.

"Shit," she said again as she looked at it, knowing that the cable company would likely make them wait at least a few more days before they'd send out another technician.

Unlocking the front door, she stepped inside, shutting and locking it behind her. The stairs were empty now. He'd managed to slip away unseen once again.

Setting down her belongings, she headed to the kitchen to get something to drink. The back door was still unlocked, though she failed to notice it. They rarely even used the back door. They'd used

it more the day they moved in than any other time so far.

Opening the door of the fridge and peering inside as she tried to decide on what she wanted to drink, she failed to notice him and his white mask peering through the window next to the fridge. When she closed the door again, a carton of milk in one hand, she heard a crunch outside, as if a small branch had been stepped on, but when she looked out the window, no one was there.

* * *

><p>A short time later, Elissa returned home herself. She immediately went to find Thora.<p>

"You'll never believe what I found out today," Elissa said as she walked into the kitchen where Thora still was.

"You found out that one of our neighbors is a cable technician and can hook ours up today since I missed the technician that was supposed to do it?" Thora asked jokingly.

Elissa ignored the silly remark and said, "I was talking to someone from one of my classes at lunch today and they told me something really creepy about this place."

Thora figured Elissa was just overreacting over something small again, fueled by all of Libby's recent stunts, but she nodded for Elissa to continue anyway.

"Apparently, some guy named Michael Myers used to live here," she said, "and when he was a kid, he killed his sister and then like a few years later, he escaped from some asylum and returned here to try to kill his other sister!"

Thora seemed taken aback by Elissa's story.

"Who told you that?" Thora finally asked after a few moments of silence between them. "Because I hate to say this, but I think they were just messing with you. Wouldn't Mr. Rowe have told us about that before we decided to rent this place from him?"

"It was this girl named Adina," Elissa answered. "I don't think she was making it up either. She told me he was shot and set on fire, but somehow, he managed to survive! A lot of people died because of him!"

"If that's true, then why haven't we heard about him or this house before now?"

"I don't know, I was going to look the story up online, but you said you missed the technician?"

"Yeah, god dammit, I barely missed him! Now I'll have to call to schedule another appointment. Sorry."

"It's okay. Maybe I'll go to the library tomorrow and look it up there. I hope it's not true. I can't stop thinking about it and it's...scaring me."

"I really doubt it's true," Thora replied as she stepped towards

Elissa to hug her. "Really, think about it. Other than Libby toying with you, we haven't heard anything else like that about this place. Don't you think we would have heard something if this really was the house of some mass murderer?"

Elissa remembered the elderly man at the grocery store. She never told Thora about that and realizing that Thora wasn't buying into the story, she decided to continue keeping it to herself. She didn't really blame Thora for not believing it, but unlike her, Elissa couldn't just brush it off so easily. In her mind, there were too many coincidences to just brush it off.

* * *

><p>After her talk with Thora, Elissa headed upstairs to her room. Chance would be home soon and they were probably going to go out to eat together that night. They had no idea if Libby would want to join them or not. It seemed unlikely. They hadn't seen her at all since the night before, not even around the school's campus, though that didn't exactly mean anything. They didn't know what her schedule was for that semester. She hadn't volunteered the information nor had they inquired about it.<p>

Entering her room, she quickly noticed that something was amiss with her dresser. It was something new sitting on top of the dresser: a hairbrush. Had Thora or Chance been in her room for some reason and accidentally left one of their hairbrushes behind?

Stepping towards her dresser, she carefully picked up the brush. Turning it over in her hands, she noticed writing along the back of the brush's white plastic handle. Engraved into the plastic was the name 'Judith Myers'. Myers? Was Judith one of the sisters that Adina had mentioned? She also noticed that there was some brown hair tangled into the brush's bristles. She nor Chance or Libby had brown hair. Thora did, but the hair in the brush appeared to be lighter than hers.

Dropping the hairbrush to the floor, Elissa backed away from it, shouting, "Thora, come up here!"

Thora ran up the stairs and stopped in Elissa's doorway.

"What is it?" Thora asked, spotting the hairbrush in the floor.

"Did you or Chance leave that in here?" Elissa replied, a look of fright on her face.

Walking over and picking the brush up, Thora examined it briefly herself before answering, "No, I've never seen it before in my life."

"Well, look at the back of it!" Elissa said, pointing at it. "Look at the name!"

Thora checked and said, "'Judith Myers.' I don't get it. Does the name mean something to you?"

"Remember the name of the killer that Adina told me about? Michael Myers? That must have belonged to one of his sisters!"

Shaking her head, Thora replied with, "No, I feel like it's something else. Maybe Adina is one of Libby's friends and they concocted that entire story. I really wouldn't put it past Libby to do something like that, especially since we're kicking her out. Don't worry, I bet that once she's out of this house for good, it'll all stop."

Elissa wanted to believe that. She really did. But she had to fight back tears as she felt like she was completely alone in thinking that maybe, for once, Libby wasn't at fault and that something truly more sinister was at work.

* * *

><p>Sheriff Elamb was sitting in his office back at the police station, where he was supposed to be filling out some paperwork. The hardware store break-in had been a strange thing. Unlike most store break-ins, no money was stolen. In fact, nothing of any high value was stolen. Just some rope and a couple knives. The owner of the hardware store wasn't too upset over that. Confused more than anything. But Lonnie had his suspicions. How could he not, with those girls now living in that damned house, especially after the possible intruder the one girl thought had been inside? He couldn't just ignore those things.<p>

Maybe it wasn't who he thought it was though. Who he hoped it wasn't. If it was, he had to find a way to stop him before anymore blood was shed. Haddonfield had enough blood stains on its history. Hopefully, it was just someone playing a prank. A prank like he might pulled when he was younger. But that idea didn't help the bad feeling that had been building in the pit of his stomach ever since he'd learned of the home's new occupants.

He had been holding a picture in his hands of his family. Of his wife and their son and daughter. His wife had been about the same age as him back in 1978, so she knew all of the details of the murders from then. For a couple months back then, it had seemed like the only topic anyone discussed in school. Students and teachers had discussed it. The murders themselves and those who had been affected by them afterward. Friends and family who'd lost loved ones to the Boogeyman. Though the murders would likely never be forgotten in Haddonfield, a lot of the exact details had become lost between generations and so his children had been spared knowing everything he, his wife, and everyone else in the town who'd been alive back then knew.

After those murders, everything had changed for everyone there. He still clearly remembered the words he and his friends had said to Tommy Doyle. "He's gonna get you." If only they'd known how right they were. If only they'd known that 'he' would indeed come for Tommy later that same night. The guilt of that had been with Lonnie ever since then. He had eventually apologized to Tommy, when he finally returned to school. It had just been typical schoolyard bullshit, after all, and it wasn't as if he'd personally sent Michael Myers after Tommy. But there was still that guilt and it was the type of guilt that no amount of apologies or forgiveness could ever erase from his mind.

* * *

><p>The house had been quiet for hours by the time he'd ventured out from his hiding place to stand at the landing outside Elissa's open

door. From there he could see her laying in bed, splayed across the sheets as if she'd been tossing and turning for the better part of the night.<p>

His eyes dropped from Elissa's still form to the newspaper clipping he held in his left hand. As faded as the clipping was, the image seemed to burn into him as if it were as sharp as the day it had hit the stands. Almost automatically his right hand stole upwards to the heavy brass zipper at his collar, slowly and quietly guiding it down. As the dark fabric began to part his breathing deepened, hitching as the zipper came to a rest above the crotch of his suit.

Elissa stirred in her sleep, unaware of the man standing almost in her doorway his hand now drifting down inside of his open suit. He slowly pulled his erect manhood free from the jumpsuit. He slowly stroked at it as he returned his eyes to Elissa, staring.

If Elissa had woken at that moment she would have been greeted by the sight of a bone white mask peering out at her from the darkness, the sound of flesh manipulating flesh and strained breathing. If she somehow managed to stare long and hard enough after that she would have been able to make out the source of the rhythmic noise, and as her eyes adjusted to the darkness she would have noticed the smaller details such as the worn black t-shirt exposed between the open mechanics suit, the scarred hand single-mindedly stroking away.

But Elissa slept on, and he watched.

His breath caught and he clutched the scrap of newspaper with a certain ferocity that might have reminded Elissa of a child clinging to a particularly favored toy if she'd been awake to witness it. The crumple of the paper was obscured by deep, almost rasping breaths, and at the moment when his shoulders began to stiffen and his legs began to tremble almost imperceptibly he brought the hand with the clipping forward and spent himself on the yellowed paper.

His stroking slowing to a stop, he continued to stare at Elissa's sleeping form, the wet paper still in hand at the tip of his dripping cock. A couple drops of his seed slipped off of the paper, landing unnoticed on the wooden floor between his feet. The cum had slightly distorted the face in the picture, causing the ink to run, but it was still recognizable. She would recognize it.

As his breathing returned to its normal calm and silent pace, he squeezed the last few drops of cum from his cock before allowing it, still partially hard, to slide back into his jumpsuit. With his free hand, he then zipped the jumpsuit closed, his eyes not straying from Elissa, once again sealing himself inside its darkness. Its cloth was stained, with spots of blood, among other things, though most of them were hard to see at all thanks to its dark color.

Finally looking down at the slip of paper again, it had gone limp from the wetness as it soaked in, a few more drops of cum having fallen to the floor. He looked back up as she stirred again, turning over in the bed, still asleep. He tilted his head to the side as he watched some more, almost as if he was admiring her, in his own twisted way.

Silently, he stepped forward through the doorway into her room. Pausing again, he kept his eyes on her bed, as if waiting to see if

she'd wake up suddenly. When he seemed certain that she was still asleep, he turned his attention to her dresser. Moving towards it, he slowly and carefully opened one of the drawers, the drawer she kept her panties in. It was either the drawer he was looking for or he simply didn't care which drawer it was, because he then laid the soaked newspaper clipping down onto her top pair of panties where she'd undoubtedly find it.

Shutting the drawer just as stealthily, he turned around to leave her room, but he only managed to take a few steps when he saw the bathroom light turn on through the crack underneath the door. It must have been the girl in the bedroom across the hall, Chance. He could hear the splashing of her pee as it hit the water in the toilet. He remained motionless until the toilet flushed and the light was turned off again. And all three girls remained unknowing of his presence as they slept onward into the night.

8. Tuesday, August 27th, Part I

Elissa groaned and hit the snooze button for the second time. She felt as if she had not slept a wink at all the night before, and did not relish the thought of getting out of bed. The sound of rain hitting the roof in a rhythmic pattern didn't help much either. All in all it seemed a perfect day to stay in bed.

"Hey Elissa? You're going to be late if you laze around in bed much longer. Come on, get up, I have coffee going." Thora called from downstairs.

Elissa forced herself up from the mattress, and padded over to her closet. While she'd picked her outfit with a bit of care for the day before, this morning she didn't feel up to it, and settled on a pair of jeans and a gray t-shirt. She threw the clothes on the bed, and went to her drawer for clean panties.

"I'm on my way down, save me some!" She called over her shoulder while reaching inside for panties. Her fingers brushed against something stiff, and a bit sticky. Elissa looked down, and staring up at her was an old scrap of newspaper with a blurry photo, only this one seemed to have had something spilled on it.

She stood there for a long moment before snatching a pair of panties out of the drawer and slamming it shut, as if the act would somehow make both the paper and whoever had left it there vanish.

Elissa dressed quickly, her mouth set in a firm line. She wasn't going to say anything about this, not just yet. She still wasn't sure whether or not this was some prank pulled by Libby, or if that paper from the other day had somehow stuck onto something and wound up in the drawer, or if Michael Myers really was back, and in search of new prey.

Elissa shuddered at the thought, Adina's story from the day worming its way back into her mind. Forcing herself to take a deep breath, she opened her jewelry box and began rooting for the locket her parents had given her as a sweet sixteen gift. She couldn't find it, but she quickly forgot about it when she turned her head.

There was a strange stain on the floor of the landing that she'd

never noticed before. Stepping away from her dresser, she approached the stain for a closer look. It wasn't a particularly large stain, nor anything she would have even really noticed if she hadn't been so keyed up. It looked for all the world like someone had spilled glue on the floor and let it dry. She didn't have time to clean it up now though, just another thing she'd deal with when she got home.

"Hey Elissa, how was your night? Sleep okay?" Thora asked, filling a mug of coffee for her as she stepped into the kitchen. "Chance already left, I'm glad I don't have to get out early to those 7:00 labs. Makes you feel sorry for the poor grad students that teach them. Can you imagine having to do that every day? Blech."

"Nah, that would really suck. I feel bad enough for Chance having to go once a week" Elissa said, taking the cup gratefully. Thora glanced out the kitchen window at the rain.

"You want to catch a ride with me up to campus today? You get out before I do, but it might stop before then."

"Yeah, yeah I'd like that. Thank you." Elissa smiled gratefully. She hadn't been looking forward to the walk to class. The rain might have been nice for sleeping in, but not so much for walking.

"No problem. I doubt campus security will be checking for stickers out in the rain anyway. Of course if they'd get those tags out in the mail before the second week of school it wouldn't matter much now would it?" Thora laughed.

"Guess not," Elissa finished her coffee and put the mug in the sink. "Just leave yours, I'm planning on cleaning up when I get home anyway."

"You always were Miss Susie Homemaker. What a wife you'll make one day." Thora chortled, setting her cup in the sink.

"Ha ha ha," Elissa deadpanned, grabbing her book bag as Thora retrieved her truck keys.

* * *

><p>He'd watched her dress from behind the cracked door of what had been his old bedroom. A lot had changed since he'd occupied it all those years before. Toy trucks and picture books had given way to trendy clothes hanging in the closet and perfume bottles were scattered across the dresser top. It reminded him more of Judith's room more now honestly, even though her room was across the hall and equally littered with girlish items.<p>

She'd found what he'd left her, predictably. After all he'd left it where she couldn't help but stumble across it. While she hadn't reacted as strongly as she had to some of her previous discoveries, he was sure that would change soon.

If she'd lingered on the landing any longer, she might have caught a glimpse of him standing in the room watching her, but she'd been too caught up staring at the mess on the floor, and then with going downstairs for breakfast. It might have been construed as a risky maneuver on his part, but he had the experience to know that people often didn't pay attention to what was going on right in front of

their eyes. Little distractions always kept them from seeing the whole picture, and that was usually their downfall.

He'd simply waited, and when he'd heard the front door close he'd moved to the window to watch them pull away from the curb in Thora's truck and down the street. Then he'd turned and walked the hall towards Elissa's room.

Elissa smiled up at him from her silver frame as he rooted through his pocket. For a moment it seemed as if she were actually there in the room with him, and the notion caused his hand to clutch reflexively.

Motionless, his breathing behind the white mask audible over the raindrops hitting the roof in the otherwise silent house, he stared at the picture, focusing on Elissa, her smile, her eyes, her hair, ignoring all else in the photograph. It was as if the mere sight of her was enough to freeze him like a deer in headlights. Her mere appearance affected him far more than most of his victims seemed to be able to. Even those girls in Russellville hadn't managed to affect him quite like that.

His trance apparently broken, he retracted his hand from his pocket, a thin chain hanging from it, the chain of a necklace, of a locket to be exact. In a careful manner, he laid it down on her dresser, much like he'd done with the brush the day before, making sure that the locket itself would undoubtedly be the first thing she saw. His latest surprise for her, though it probably wouldn't be that surprising to her, given how the past few days had progressed.

Michael's attention drifted down to the dresser. In her haste Elissa had left her school ID card behind this morning. Her likeness smiling out from the upper left hand corner was no where near as defined as the one in the frame on the desk, but it still drew his eye. He reached out for the card and pocketed it before turning to go.

It would be very entertaining to see her reaction to his latest gift, and he didn't intend to miss out on that. But that would come later, and for now he'd go back to what he was best at. Watching and waiting.

* * *

><p>Elissa couldn't wait for class to be over. She'd been barely following the lecture and had taken almost no notes. Every time she tried to focus on Mr. Richey droning on about Monroe's Motivated Sequence her mind had drifted back to her conversation with Adina at lunch the day before. There was only five minutes left until the end of class, something attested to by the growing shuffle of book bags and impatient wiggling of legs. Elissa knew she wasn't the only one watching the clock, but she was fairly sure her reasons for doing so were different from those of her classmates.<p>

She'd been mulling it over for most of the period, and had come to the realization that if Adina's story were indeed fact it would have to be backed up somehow. A series of violent murders in a small town like Haddonfield or anywhere for that matter would have to have been documented somehow. A quick trip to the library would either confirm or deny it, she reasoned.

Then if it turned out to be nonsense she could breath a sigh of relief and go on with her life with only the knowledge she'd been taken in by a creepy urban legend hanging over her head. And if it were indeed true? Well, she really didn't want to think about that just yet.

One minute to go, and she could hear the rustling papers grow louder. Mr. Richey was admonishing everyone to be sure to bring in their workbooks for a group exercise next time, and with a sigh of relief she stuffed her notebook into her bag and made for the door. One way or another, soon she'd find out exactly how much, if any, of this Myers story was true.

* * *

><p>Elissa sat at one of the town library's many computer terminals. Most people there were students like her, except they were there to work on school-related things. She was looking up any information she could on Michael Myers and she figured that the best place to start would be on the internet. Simply entering 'Michael Myers' on the search engine brought her hundreds of related results. National news articles, fan sites (if you could call them 'fans'), memorials dedicated to his victims, a couple photos of him as a child, and even one that someone managed to take of him while he was in a coma, his head wrapped in bandages.<p>

She sifted through the information and realized that it all pretty much told the same story. On October 31, 1963, Michael Myers murdered his sister, Judith, in her bedroom after she had sex with her boyfriend. Michael was locked up in Smith's Grove Sanitarium, where Dr. Samuel Loomis attempted to treat him. When he turned twenty-one, he was supposed to go on trial for his sister's murder, but he managed to escape on the night he was to be transported, October 30, 1978, stealing the car Dr. Loomis and a nurse named Marion Chambers had arrived in. Heading back to Haddonfield, he somehow managed to track down his other, younger sister, Laurie Strode, and attempted to murder her as well, a couple of her friends dying in the process.

Fortunately for Laurie, Dr. Loomis knew where Michael was going and followed him to Haddonfield. Teaming up with the town's sheriff at the time, Leigh Brackett, he managed to temporarily stop Michael by shooting him in the chest six times with a revolver, knocking him off of the second floor balcony of a house. He was injured, but it didn't stop him, as he followed Laurie to the hospital she was taken to for her own injuries, murdering the staff there until he found Laurie again. Dr. Loomis managed to find them just in time once again though, resulting in a fight with Michael that ended in a explosion which caused massive damage to the hospital and severely burned both Dr. Loomis and Michael, leaving Michael in a coma.

Laurie herself tried to move on, marrying a guy that she met and in 1980, they had a daughter, Jamie Lloyd. Tragically, Laurie and her husband died in a car accident and Jamie was sent to live with a foster family in Haddonfield, the Carruthers. Then, it seemed to start all over again. On October 30, 1988, while being transported from the hospital he'd been kept at, Michael awoke from his coma, murdering everyone in the ambulance he was in before escaping and heading right back to Haddonfield. Dr. Loomis followed Michael once

again, knowing that he had to protect Jamie and try to stop Michael anyway he possibly could. However, in the end, Dr. Loomis once again failed to stop Michael and Michael seemed to simply disappear from the world.

For over two decades, there had been no confirmed sightings of him. In a way, Elissa felt like that should comfort her, but it didn't. Everything Adina had told her was true. Even if Thora was right and Adina was one of Libby's friends, it didn't change the fact that they were indeed living in the house of a mass murderer. Maybe whoever she'd seen creeping around outside of their house wasn't Michael Myers, but it still scared her. At least she knew she wasn't crazy.

She tried to find any pictures of Laurie or Jamie, but there didn't seem to be any available. She supposed that was understandable. If some maniac tried to kill her, she wouldn't want her pictures plastered all over the internet either. Printing off some of the more informative articles, she paid for them and decided to have a look at some microfilm, hoping to find out more about Michael and his victims, especially his relatives. She figured that any locally written newspaper articles might have more information than anywhere else. She soon discovered to her dismay though that almost everything that mentioned Michael or his victims was either blacked out or removed entirely. Even the couple images of Laurie that had been originally printed were blacked out.

Returning the microfilm, she decided to ask one the librarian about it.

"I have a question," Elissa said. "What I wanted to look at was blacked out. Is there any way I can see what it originally said?"

Looking down at the date listed on the microfilm, '1978', the librarian gave Elissa a curious look.

"If it's blacked out, I'm sure there's a good reason for it," she said, avoiding Elissa's question.

Disappointed, Elissa started to turn around to leave, but then the librarian added, "The Haddonfield Herald keeps copies of all of their papers archived. You might be able to convince them to let you have a look."

"Thank you!" Elissa said, giving the librarian a quick smile before leaving.

* * *

><p>Discovering that the Haddonfield Herald was located near the library, she found herself trying to convince the employee at the front desk to let her see the archived papers.<p>

"We're not supposed to let just anyone back there," he told her.

"I promise I'll be quick," she said in return. "I just need to look up a couple things and then I'll be out of your hair."

"Why don't you just look it up at the library?" he asked. "They have

most of our stuff on microfilm there."

"I tried that, but they didn't have what I was looking for," she answered, hoping that he'd believe her. "The librarian said that some of the older papers aren't on microfilm and that they'd probably be archived here."

He looked at her for a moment, before sighing and saying, "Okay, I'll let you look."

Standing up, he motioned for her to follow him. He led her down a hallway to a door marked 'ARCHIVE', which he unlocked and opened, stepping inside to turn on the lights with her behind him.

"See those big scrapbooks?" he asked, pointing towards an area of sectioned shelves that contained at least a couple hundred of the scrapbooks. "They're organized by year and month. I've got to get back out front, so I can't stay in here with you. Please don't tear anything up and please put everything back when you're done."

"Okay, thank you very much," Elissa said.

He then went away, closing the door behind himself, leaving her alone. She moved towards the shelves and began looking for the 1978 scrapbooks. The books each had four months worth of newspapers in them. Selecting the one labeled '1978 - Sep/Oct/Nov/Dec', she slid the heavy book off of its shelf. She then carried it towards one of the tables in the center of the room, hoping she wouldn't drop it as she wasn't sure she'd be able to lift it back up off of the floor. Setting it down with a thud, she opened the thick cover and began scanning through its many pages, skipping ahead to the November section. Eventually, she found the articles from the library that had been blacked out, though they didn't really contain much more information than what she'd managed to find online. The addition of the ages for some of the hospital staff that Michael Myers murdered was the only truly notable difference, as well as pictures of some of them, taken from what seemed like family and high school yearbook photographs.

Finally reaching a page that seemed to focus on Laurie Strode, she found that part of it had been removed. Torn out. She got the feeling she'd already seen the part that was missing though. The piece of newsprint that had been left on the porch Saturday. And then there was the business calendar from Sunday. She couldn't be a hundred percent certain without checking it again, but hadn't it been for a 'Strode Realty'? There had to be a connection. There was no way those were just two random pieces of garbage.

Continuing to flip through the pages, she noticed that a couple other Laurie-related articles and pictures appeared to have been torn out. Then she came across something new: a sketch of Michael Myers, as he'd looked on that Halloween night. There was the white mask and the black eyes. Just like the mask she'd seen the figure wearing outside of their house. Carefully, she tugged at the page, the old paper easily tearing free. More evidence to show to Thora and Chance. She didn't want to vandalize the scrapbook like that, but considering that other parts had been torn out already, she supposed she shouldn't feel too bad about it.

Deciding that she likely wouldn't be able to get anything more from

that book, she closed it and hauled it back to its space on the shelves. She would try a different year instead: 1963. Again, she went to November and the very first article was on Michael's murder of Judith. It spoke of how the event shocked the community and how he'd stabbed her numerous times in her upstairs bedroom. Elissa's jaw had dropped after she read that. Sure, she already knew that Judith had died in the house from what Adina had told her and the other things she'd read that day, but to read it in such detail was something else. The article didn't say exactly which bedroom had been hers. The thought that either Thora, Chance, or herself were staying in Judith's bedroom sent a chill down her spine though.

Moving on to 1989, she was curious as to what exactly occurred during the last time anyone saw Michael Myers. There seemed to be plenty on that in the scrapbook. There was an explosion at the police station and at first, everyone thought a gas main had exploded, killing all of the cops inside the station, Michael, and Jamie Lloyd, but as the explosion was looked into, it was quickly discovered that the cops had been shot, a bomb was planted, and the bodies of Michael nor Jamie could be located.

Elissa was convinced more than ever that Michael Myers was back. She just hoped the information she'd collected would help convince others, mainly her roommates.

9. Tuesday, August 27th, Part II

Sitting at one end of the dining table, Lonnie watched his family as they ate dinner. There was a half-eaten piece of meatloaf on his plate, but his mind was too preoccupied to focus on finishing it anytime soon. That wasn't exactly anything new, for him to be preoccupied, due to whatever happened to be going on at work. It was different this time though. Michael Myers was on his mind. The worry that he was back and the memories of the past associated with him.

As Lonnie observed his teenage daughter, Krystelle, he was reminded of Myers' sister. Krystelle was about the sister's age. Laurie's age. Laurie Strode, who hadn't even known that she was Myers' sister at the time he broke out of the institution and decided to return home. And of course, there had been Laurie's best friends too, Annie and Lynda.

While it was unlikely that Michael would ever find Krystelle, Lonnie still couldn't help but worry, couldn't help but feel the urge to protect her from any danger, however possible. After all, Laurie had been innocently babysitting Tommy Doyle on that Halloween night in 1978 and Krystelle had done plenty of babysitting herself. It could happen to her. It could happen to anyone.

He then changed his attention to his son, Gabe. Gabe was the complete opposite of how Lonnie was at that same age. He was well-mannered, he didn't get into fights, and he certainly wasn't a bully. Lonnie knew that his wife, Holly, could be thanked for that. She took care of both kids by herself a lot of the time due to the long hours that Lonnie tended to work and as far as he was concerned, she was the perfect mother.

Looking at Holly, she gave him a quick smile when she noticed him,

which he returned with a smile of his own. He was lucky to have her and he wasn't sure where he'd be if she wasn't in his life. As their dinner continued, he tried to put his mind off of work and Michael Myers for the time being, but it seemed impossible to stop thinking about him and who he might kill next in his long history of death.

* * *

><p>In the slowly fading late afternoon light he'd watched her walking up the street to his house, shielded by a yellow umbrella with her head bent almost pensively. She was clutching her school bag tightly, and even from his vantage point he could make out that her mouth was set in a tight line. Thunder rumbled in the distance, and he could see her shoulders hitch a bit as she glanced back, something she did almost constantly now. Of course no one was back there.<p>

While Elissa was right to feel that she was being watched, it wasn't from a bush or a carport. It was from Judith's old room, his shape in the window almost entirely obscured in the haze of rain. Unless she were looking very hard, she'd never see him there even if she hadn't been constantly looking over her shoulder expecting him to come slinking out of the shadows.

He'd spent much of the day in the house truthfully, both avoiding the foul weather and taking the opportunity to snoop through the girl's rooms more thoroughly than would have been possible had anyone been home. Besides rifling through Elissa's drawers and looking in her closet, he'd also taken the time to scope out his old room, as well as Judith's. While none of their belongings really interested him the way Elissa's things had, it had been somewhat interesting to see how different the rooms looked. He'd even ventured downstairs to his parent's room, which was now haphazardly strewn with what remained of Libby's possessions.

For the most part however, he'd simply been biding his time until Elissa or anyone else returned. And he'd continue to do so, however it was anyone's guess how long that would last. Patience after all had been one of his strong suits, and he was content to wait until the time was right.

Elissa had finally slipped out of his line of vision and was approaching the house, prompting him to turn away from the window and trudge back to his hiding place. While he might not be able to actually watch her discover what he'd left for her in his younger sister's room, he'd certainly be close enough to know when she'd found it.

* * *

><p>Elissa had practiced what she was going to say in her head and even out loud to her embarrassment several times on the walk home. She finally had the proof that Myers indeed had lived in their house, as well as proof of his misdeeds and most importantly his mysterious disappearance from the Haddonfield police station along with his niece in 1989 stashed in her book bag on crisp white printer paper. She'd felt confident that these things coupled with her carefully rehearsed words would make her friends understand that there WAS something going on here, but when she found herself sitting at the table with Thora and Chance that evening, her words failed her.

Despite her printed out articles fanned out across the table top and their full attention, her tongue felt like a stone.<p>

Chance picked up an article, her eyes skimming the text while widening at what must have been something especially gruesome though to be fair a good majority of the articles were fairly horrifying, given the nature of the subject.

"Wow. So he really DID live here. Libby wasn't making it up. I'm... well, shocked she told the truth about something, but Jesus..." She said, setting it down and reaching for another.

"I tried to tell you guys, it wasn't just Libby, a girl at school said the same thing!" Elissa replied, eyes locked on Thora who was quietly reading, mouth set in a small frown.

"I just can't believe it wasn't disclosed when we viewed the house. I was certain that stuff like that had to be discussed before renting a house out or whatever," Thora finally said, while Chance snorted in derision.

"Well, I don't blame him for not saying anything. Who would want to advertise the fact that someone like that lived on their property? I mean, it's still fucked off that he didn't tell us, but geez..."

"So you guys see what I'm talking about now, and why I'm freaking out! I think we should get out of here, the sooner the better. What if he's come back, and he's pissed we are in his house? You read those articles, the guy is a psychotic mass murderer!" Elissa said, gesturing to the pile of papers.

Thora set the article down and glanced over at Elissa, pausing for a moment to carefully weigh her words before speaking.

"Okay. He did live here. But that was a long time ago, Elissa. I seriously doubt he's out lurking around in the bushes waiting to snatch you up on the way to school or something..."

"I saw him!" Elissa's voice rose a few octaves as she slapped down the sketch she'd retrieved along with the rest of the articles. "That's him! That's who I saw!"

Thora squinted at the sketch, and frowned.

"Elissa, the last article said he has not been seen since the late eighties. That was over twenty years ago. None of us were even born yet."

"I'm telling you, that is who I saw out under the carport across the street. It's him, I know it."

Chance picked up another article, twisting a lock of blonde hair around her finger.

"Thora's right, Elissa. It was a long time ago. He's probably dead by now. Okay, I believe you probably did see someone or something, but I don't think it was that Myers guy."

"Weren't you listening, Chance? I told you, this is who I saw!" Elissa practically snapped the sketch at Chance, as Thora rose an

eyebrow.

"Elissa. Seriously. Calm down. You are getting worked up over nothing. Well, not nothing, but you are taking this way more seriously than you should. No one is saying you DIDN'T see someone, or even someone wearing a similar mask-"

"It wasn't someone fooling around wearing a mask! I'm telling you, it was him!" Elissa interrupted, jabbing a finger down at the description beneath the sketch. "You're trying to tell me that some guy that just HAPPENS to fit the description perfectly went out and got a mask and decided to pop up around the house trying to scare me? That they went through the trouble of leaving clippings around here to freak me out? That's ridiculous!" Thora groaned, and held up her hand.

"Elissa, it's not like it's impossible to get a mask like that. True, it would be sick to dress up like that to scare people, but you know some people have a weird sense of humor. I'm pretty sure that if you really saw someone wearing that it's just some guy playing a prank. The house sat empty for a long time, and when we moved in some freak with no life saw an opportunity to get their jollies trying to scare a bunch of girls."

"I wouldn't put it past Tyrone, actually." Chance interjected. "The guy is a world class asshole."

"I'm telling you that it wasn't just some asshole in a mask, and it wasn't Tyrone! You're not listening-"

"Elissa, please. Yes, it's messed up that we are renting a house that was apparently the childhood home of a murderer. Yes, it's messed up we were not told. It's REALLY messed up that apparently someone thinks it's funny to pull mean spirited pranks. Yes, I understand WHY you are freaking out. But you are so freaked out that you are not listening to reason here."

"I'M not listening? My god, Thora!" Elissa shouted, tears of frustration coming to her eyes. "I'M not listening?! Seriously?! I told you what Libby and Adina said, I brought you proof, I told you someone has been following me and watching me, and I even brought you the police sketch! It's him, don't you see that? He's come home before, and he's back now!"

"You're being completely unreasonable, Elissa. I don't know WHAT to tell you! I've tried to be understanding, I've tried to be nice, but you are getting all worked up over complete bullshit!" Elissa burst out sobbing, and Thora groaned in frustration. She took a deep breath, and continued. "Look, if Michael Myers is REALLY stalking the house, why haven't I seen him? Why hasn't Chance? Chance, have YOU seen anything?"

"No, I haven't, but I really wouldn't put it past Tyrone-" Thora cut her off, shaking her head.

"Elissa, to be perfectly honest I haven't seen anything other than YOU getting completely worked up into a frenzy the last few days. I hate to say it, but you're acting like a nutcase."

Before anything else could be said, Chance stood up, and began

clearing the articles from the table, depositing them on the kitchen counter.

"Okay. You know what? I think we could all use a drink," Chance said, standing up and walking over to the fridge to retrieve the left over beer from the weekend. "We all need to calm down, and think about this without getting all emotional. Just take a deep breath, both of you."

Neither girl spoke as Chance set a can of beer in front of both of them. Thora popped the can open with a loud snap and took a long swig of it, clearly frustrated. Elissa took a long shaky breath.

Chance sat back down, and giving each of them a look began to speak.

"I really don't like seeing either of you like this. It's bad enough we've had to deal with Libby being a bitch, but now you two are at each others' throats. Elissa, I think that you are pretty sure you saw someone, even though Thora and I didn't. I'm not calling you a liar. I can understand why it would freak you out to see that and then find out all that stuff about the house. I'm kind of pissed the landlord didn't say anything myself. And Thora, I see where you are coming from as well. You're frustrated that Elissa is upset, and you think she is overreacting."

Thora nodded.

"So here's how I see it. We have a year's lease on this house. If we break the lease, we'll be screwed when it comes to getting another place. I don't know about either of you, but I don't want to have to go rent a room at some old cat lady's house because my credit was ruined over moving out of a perfectly good house because of some jerk playing pranks. Because that's what I honestly think it is." Thora nodded in agreement while Elissa sat silently, not even touching her drink.

"I think it's more than likely Tyrone and Libby messing around. And you know what? Let them. Because I spoke to Rob today, and he told me that he heard that Tyrone has warrants. Elissa, if you even THINK you see someone again, just call the police. Don't just stand there and freak out."

"I'm sure it wasn't Tyrone-" She mumbled, feeling sick to her stomach.

"Even if it's not him, and it's some weirdo in the neighborhood, call them anyway. Thora had the right idea there. Eventually they'll either catch them, or they'll decide a weekend in jail isn't worth a stupid joke." Chance leaned in, and placed a hand on Elissa's arm soothingly.

"Look, I know you are really freaked out right now, but trust me. I think this will all blow over soon, and that we just need to be on guard. Not paranoid, but on guard. If it's Tyrone, he's going to jail for a while according to Billy, and that will be the end of it."

Elissa didn't say anything, but nodded weakly, realizing she was on her own in this. Neither girl was willing to believe that it had

truly been Myers she'd seen, and the articles had done nothing to change that. All she'd done was snap at her friends and come off as a complete basket case. If all of this evidence wouldn't sway them, what could she possibly say or do that would?

* * *

><p>Elissa sat down on her bed, still reeling from the conversation with her friends. Sure, Thora had apologized for losing her temper, and Elissa had forgiven her because she honestly had not meant to snap at her but the knowledge that neither Thora or Chance were taking this seriously ate at her. She was done trying to convince them. Chance was convinced that it was Tyrone dressing up and trying to scare her with Libby's help, and Thora seemed to still think Elissa had gone off the deep end despite her apology.<p>

She couldn't help but take the sketch of Myers out again and stare at it, almost willing herself to believe that this was not the man she'd seen out by the carport the day before. As much as she wanted to believe Chance, and agree that it was just Tyrone being a jackass she couldn't bring herself to. Tyrone was gangly, and much taller than the figure out by the carport, and he didn't have the slouch Tyrone had every time she'd seen him. It definitely wasn't Tyrone, she was sure of that.

Could it be someone else dressing up to take advantage of the notorious house being occupied, someone that thought it was funny to pick on a bunch of college girls? True, a mask would be easy enough to come by, but she was still unconvinced. Mask aside, what were the odds that the prankster would be someone of roughly the same size and height given by the description? She couldn't say that it was entirely impossible, but it seemed unlikely enough.

And that wasn't even taking into account the strange things she'd been finding. It would take a very dedicated prankster to pull all of that off. No, no matter how she tried, she couldn't buy that. It was definitely Myers, it had to be. That thought in mind, she looked over to the dresser, freezing when she saw it.

There was something there catching the light, something she was sure she was not there that morning. Setting the torn out sketch down, she slowly rose, and walked over to the dresser. A gold locket lay there, next to the pocket change she'd set there the night before. At first she wondered if she'd somehow missed it this morning while rooting through her jewelry box, and perhaps overlooked it, but on second glance she realized it wasn't hers. This locket looked older, and somewhat dirty. She reached out for it, grasping it gingerly by the chain. The locket swung gently from the movement, and she could see something engraved in the front of it. Bringing it closer, she could make out the initials L.S.

Elissa stood there, holding the locket without saying a word. After reading those articles she knew who L.S. was, and more importantly she knew who had left this here for her to find. But what could she do about it? Part of her wanted to march downstairs with it and show it to Chance and Thora, but she knew that it wouldn't do anything to convince them. If the articles wouldn't, a dirty piece of old jewelry wouldn't either. She thought about calling the police, but what could she say? That she was sure Michael Myers had broken into her house and left his younger sister's old locket on the dresser for her to

find? She'd be lucky if they didn't agree to come over, only to haul her off to the state hospital for a long stay for being delusional.

She flung the necklace down on the dresser in both fear and frustration, and started to cry, knowing that nothing she could do would convince anyone that he'd been here, in her room and would likely be back.

* * *

><p>Michael sat on the wooden floor in the dark attic, his fingers mindlessly picking at the bones and small scraps of furry fresh belonging to the carcass of the rat in front of him. That was all that was left of the rat. The rest had been picked and gnawed away. Hearing a sound underneath him, he quickly slid his white mask back on, keeping his head low as he did, as if worried that someone might see his face, and silently rose to his feet. Tilting his head, he stood motionless as he seemed to hone in on the sound.<p>

Crying. That was the sound, coming from below in Elissa's room, from Elissa herself. He looked straight down as her sobbing got uncontrollably louder, though he was unable to see through the attic floor, the current owner having patched up any cracks and holes in the ceiling before renting it out.

Taking a small step backward to allow himself to be more directly over her sobbing, his movement caused the floor to creak. She didn't seem to notice at all though, as her sobbing continuing uninterrupted. There could only be a few reasons for her sobbing and her finding his latest gift, the locket that had once belonged to his younger sister, was the most likely reason.

The Shape continued staring downward, his breathing getting slightly heavier, almost as if he was getting off on hearing Elissa cry, hearing her fall apart at the seams, thanks to his gifts. He heard the squeaking of her bed's springs as she either sat or laid down on it. Probably laid down, because her crying seemed to get softer, like she perhaps put her face into her pillow.

Taking a few steps towards the area above her bed, he proceeded to sit back down on the floor, still looking down, and tilting his head again, still listening, observing. She would likely cry a lot harder if she knew that he was sitting right above her.

10. Wednesday, August 28th, Part I

He waited a few minutes after the girls left for school before deciding to make his move. Removing his headphones and slipping on the pale mask, Tyrone stepped out from behind the bushes, having hid there for a couple hours after Libby dropped him off. He was also wearing the jumpsuit and gloves that Libby provided for him. It was no longer raining, but it was cloudy and windy.

Remembering that Libby told him that she'd left her bedroom window unlocked, he shuffled around to the side of the house, failing to step around the mud created by the rain the day before. The rain had finally come to a stop the night before, but it was still cloudy outside. Finding her window, he managed to pry it open enough to slip

his fingers underneath it and lift it the rest of the way up. Grabbing onto the sides of the window frame, he then dragged himself inside, landing on the floor. Standing up, he looked around briefly, before walking towards the closed door, his shoes leaving behind mud prints.

"Shit," Tyrone said under his breath when he finally noticed the mud.

Seeing a small rug on the floor, he stepped on it and began wiping his feet off, leaving giant, muddy streaks behind on it.

The girls wouldn't return home for several hours, so he had plenty of time. Libby wanted him to scare the shit out of them. But first, before he began setting up to scare them, he wanted to have a look around the house. He was sure that they had valuables around the house and he planned on collecting some for himself. He was considering it to be his payment, especially since Libby had forced him to wake up so early that morning.

Starting in her room, he approached her dresser and began pulling open drawers. Most of her drawers weren't very full, if not completely empty, as she'd brought a lot of her belongings to his apartment after her roommates had told her she had to move out. Even her jewelry box was over there. It didn't hurt to still look though. Finding nothing worth taking in the dresser, he moved to her nightstand and opened its little drawer. Inside it was mostly stuff such as a nail file, but underneath that junk was something that stuck out to Tyrone: a twenty dollar bill. Grinning to himself, he reached in and slid the money from underneath the other stuff, pocketing it.

Closing the drawer, he then walked over to the bedroom door and opened it, taking a step out into the hallway which led to the rest of the house. He had only taken a few steps down the hall though when he heard a creaking upstairs, which caused him to stop in his tracks, his heart beating fast in his chest as he peered up at the ceiling, waiting to see if any other creaking occurred. After a few moments of silence passed, he let out a sigh of relief.

"God damn, Tyrone," he said to himself, chuckling. "Scaring yourself and shit."

It must have just been the house settling or a strong gust of wind. It was an old house, after all. Old houses always seemed to make unexplainable creaks and groans. Continuing to walk, he entered the front hallway where he decided to lift off his mask, stuffing it into a pocket of the jumpsuit. It was hot behind that latex and he saw no point in wearing it all that time until the girls returned home.

Hearing the creaking again, more than once, Tyrone snapped his head to look up at the second floor landing. It was dark up there like the rest of the house and if someone was there, he couldn't tell. Had one of the girls returned home early for some reason and he didn't realize it? He would've heard the front door open though and would've heard them walking up the stairs too.

After a few more moments of silence, he shook it off again. He was there to scare the girls and he was scaring himself instead.

* * *

><p>Michael heard the window downstairs slide open while he was upstairs. He didn't know who it was or why they were there. It didn't seem likely that it was one of the girls, unless they locked themselves out somehow. Of course, they could have just used the backdoor then like he did. But they still thought that door was locked, because they never checked it.<p>

He could hear whoever it was moving around in the bedroom downstairs. He was in his old bedroom again himself. Stepping into the bathroom and quietly opening the door, he stepped out onto the landing, remaining in the shadows, hoping to get a peek at whoever it was. And whoever it was would be in for a surprise if they happened to get a peek at him. It did seem unlikely that it was one of the girls, so perhaps the mystery guest, the intruder, would get an up-close and personal peek at him.

Hearing the downstairs' bedroom door open, the intruder soon entered his view and what they were wearing caused him to slowly tilt his head, in a mix of perhaps confusion and fascination: a white mask and a dark jumpsuit, very similar to his own. When the person then raised their mask, he saw that it was actually a face he recognized. It was the boyfriend of that one girl who lived there, Libby. Libby, the one the other girls seemed to bring up often in their conversations.

Having seen enough, he then stepped back into the bathroom to return to his old room, silently closing the door behind him.

* * *

><p>Outside, Sheriff Elamb's patrol car pulled up and he cut the engine, turning his head to look at the old Myers' house across the street. Deep down, he had a funny feeling. A feeling of nervousness. A feeling that something was going to occur and it wouldn't be anything good.<p>

The house stood quietly for the time being as Lonnie took a sip of his coffee. It was the type of quietness that was unsettling though. The type of quietness that caused you think things such as someone waiting behind a corner or in the shadows. Waiting for the chance to step out and say 'boo'.

Sadly, he couldn't do anything other than wait. He had no physical evidence that Michael Myers was back. There was the possible intruder from Sunday night, but that was just it. Possible. It was nothing more than that. There was no actual sign of a break-in and there was certainly no sign that it was had been Myers. He couldn't just go and warn the girls either. Because as much as he feared another murder occurring, he didn't want to cause some kind of panic either. A panic without a way to actually prove the reason behind it. And it wouldn't be just with those girls renting the place either. The whole damn town would be in a panic.

Sipping his coffee again, he kept his eyes focused on the house, waiting for the first sign of trouble. To see someone prowling around the outside of the house or to see something suspicious in one of the windows. The only thing that would be able to pull him away would be

a call on the radio and in a small town like Haddonfield, that was sort of a rare occurrence anyway.

* * *

><p>Tyrone had moved from the front hall to the living room. There was a TV there, but he didn't think he'd be able to make it away with anything big like that, especially since he was supposed to call Libby with his cell phone after he scared her roommates. If he had a car already there and waiting, then he might consider trying to steal some of their bigger, more expensive objects.<p>

Making his way then into the dining room and the kitchen, he quickly realized that he wasn't going to find much there either. On the dining table was a old-looking silver candlestick and in the kitchen cabinets were some old-looking plates. He figured that he could maybe get some money for the candlestick, but he didn't want to have to carry it around either. He was pretty sure that he'd be able to find some kind of jewelry in the other girls' bedrooms, but being just college girls, he wasn't expecting to find anything too high value, unless it was stuff that was passed down, as the candlestick and plates appeared to be.

Briefly, he considered texting Libby to ask if she had any ideas, but he decided against it, because she didn't know that was part of his plan and might argue with him about it. Plus, he'd already stolen from her anyway. Despite his methods, in his mind, it still seemed wrong to ask her for help at that point.

Returning to the front hall, he gazed up at the second floor again. He could have sworn that he heard another creak, but if one of the girls was there, wouldn't they have made more noise than that, if they were to attempt to confront him or even just find a phone to call the police on him?

Reaching out to grab the handrail, he began to slowly climb up the stairs, towards the darkness of the second floor. At the top of the stairs, he peered at the darkness before him, wishing he knew where the light switch was. If someone was there, he'd never know. Carefully, he stepped towards the door that he was pretty sure was Elissa's and turned the knob, pushing the door open with his palm until the knob banged against the wall behind it.

Entering her room, Tyrone approached her dresser, where her jewelry box was in plain sight, the window of her room providing him enough light to see without needing to turn on a lamp. Lifting the lid, he began to pick through it, though nothing really jumped out at him that seemed to have any real monetary value.

"Fucking cheap bitch," Tyrone muttered as he stepped away from the dresser, not bothering to put her jewelry back up or close the lid out of annoyance, hoping that one of the other two would have something good for him to take.

Turning around, he intended to head through the doorway connecting to Thora's room, but he stopped in his tracks when he saw a figure standing in the doorway instead, having somehow managed to silently open the door while Tyrone had his back turned. If he hadn't been so annoyed, perhaps he would've noticed the figure in the dresser's mirror. The figure was wearing a white mask much like the one Libby

had given him to wear. Had Libby sent someone else to scare the girls too? That seemed highly unlikely. The figure stared at him and Tyrone stared right back.

"Who the fuck are you?" Tyrone questioned.

The figure didn't respond. Didn't even move. Just stood there staring. Tyrone would've thought it was a bizarre mannequin if he couldn't see the small movement of the figure's chest moving as they breathed. Stepping forward, he then made the mistake of throwing a punch at the figure. Michael raised a hand and caught Tyrone's fist in the palm of his hand, squeezing it tightly, crushing it.

Screaming and thrashing around in pain, Tyrone yelled, "Fuck! Let go of me, you crazy motherfucker!"

Michael obliged Tyrone and shoved his fist back at him, causing him to stumble and fall backward onto the floor, grabbing at his injured hand with his other hand. Staring down at Tyrone, who was glaring back at Michael at that point, he slowly tilted his head to one side. His attempt to attack Michael having failed, Tyrone did the only other thing he could think of: run. Scrambling to his feet, he started to charge towards Elissa's still open door that led into the hallway, now certain that the creaking he had heard before wasn't just the wind outside.

However, Michael had other plans for Tyrone and before he could make it through the door, Michael moved after him and shoved him in the back, causing him to stumble again, tripping over the threshold and falling forward this time, his skull cracking against the top of the railing that ran along the second floor landing. He slumped to the floor, blood trickling from his forehead.

Slowly walking up behind Tyrone, Michael had something in his hands. It wasn't a knife or any other kind of a blade but a rope. A long, thick rope tied into a noose. Using one hand to grab Tyrone by the back of his jumpsuit to drag him up, his body almost a rag doll, blood dripping from his head to the floor, he used his other hand to sling the noose over Tyrone's head and around his neck. Beginning to realize what was happening, Tyrone started trying to struggle, but it was far too late.

With one hand holding the rope tightly and the other still on the back of Tyrone's jumpsuit, Michael yanked Tyrone forward, sending him over the railing, and grabbed the rope with his other hand once Tyrone was over. Tyrone's body fell for a few feet before he ran out of rope and the noose pulled shut sharply, snapping his neck. Michael held the rope firmly, keeping his feet well-planted on the floor to keep himself from going over the railing with Tyrone.

Tyrone's body swung back and forth through the air, his arms and legs rigid for a moment after his neck was broken, before they fell limp, his shoes banging against the wall, leaving behind small scratches and marks that no one would likely notice. As his body lost momentum in swinging, Michael released the rope, watching it slide fast over the railing, disappearing over the top, and a loud thud sounded throughout the house as Tyrone's body crashed to the floor. Michael stepped forward and looked down over the railing at Tyrone's body, the rope having landed partially on top of him. This sight caused

Michael to slowly tilt his head again, to one side and then the other.

* * *

><p>Lonnie was still in his car when he heard the loud thud. It had almost sounded like a gunshot and he was pretty sure that it had come within the Myers' house. Quickly, he set down his cup of coffee and threw open the door, climbing out of the car. Slamming the door shut behind him, he ran across the street towards the house, pulling out his revolver from its holster as he moved.<p>

No cars were parked in front of the house, so he was pretty sure that none of the girls were home, and even if they were, the sound still came off as very suspicious to him. He briefly wondered what he would say if reached the front door to find one of the girls there with a reasonable explanation to give to him, though he couldn't imagine what that might be. He'd worry about that if it did indeed turn out to be something simple such as that.

Running up the steps and onto the porch, he tried to see through the window on the front door, but he could only peek through one edge of it because of the window's curtain. That was enough for him though, as he could see someone moving around inside in the front hall near the door. Someone who appeared to be a man, a white mask upon their face. Trying the handle of the front door, he wasn't surprised to discover that it was locked. He thought about trying to break the door open, but it was well-built, thick and wooden, with a deadbolt. Even if he could possibly ram it open with his shoulder, it would still take too long.

Backing down the steps, away from the door, revolver still drawn, Lonnie reminded himself of that Halloween night in 1978, when he'd been scared away from the house. He couldn't run away this time though. He instead moved around to the right side of the house, past the living room window, which he peeked in as he moved past it, trying to see if he could still spot the figure. Stopping at the corner of the house before just running into the backyard, right into a possible ambush, he quickly peeked around the corner. It was clear. Revolver raised in front of him, cautiously, he stepped around the corner, giving the backyard a quick scan with his eyes, before turning towards the backdoor. He wouldn't need to check if it was locked, as it was already opened a crack.

Reaching forward with one hand, Lonnie lightly pushed at the door, enough to let it swing open. And he didn't get any further than that, as he found Michael waiting on the other side, a sharp kitchen knife in hand. He didn't get a chance to get even one shot off either, because Michael reached out and grabbed the barrel of his revolver, forcefully bending it backwards in his hands so that the barrel was pointing at Lonnie, pushing it even further, until he had to release it, the pain that Michael was causing to his fingers and wrists overwhelming him.

Michael threw the revolver to the kitchen floor with a clatter, only to bring his hand back up to Lonnie's throat, wrapping his scarred fingers tightly around it and cutting off Lonnie's air, before shoving him backwards, into the middle of the backyard. Keeping his hand on Lonnie's neck the entire time, he brought his other hand up, the one holding the kitchen knife, and swiftly plunged the blade

underneath Lonnie's chin, easily stabbing through into his mouth.

Blood spilled from Lonnie's open mouth as Michael continued choking him, the blade visible inside as his tongue thrashed around it, the tip poking at the roof of his mouth. He stared at the white mask before him, at the black eye holes, his own eyes wide with terror and pain. A million thoughts were racing through his head, of his family, of his childhood, and especially of what Michael was going to do to him next. He didn't have to wait long to find out either, because in one fluid, final motion, Michael ripped the knife out of Lonnie's chin, a splash of blood coming with the blade, and he moved his hand from Lonnie's throat to the top of his head, grabbing his hair tightly, only to swing the blade across Lonnie's throat.

Michael continued holding on to Lonnie by his hair as they continued staring at each other, blood squirting from Lonnie's neck, high into the air, only to splatter down into the grass. As the last of life faded from his body, Michael released his hair, allowing his body to collapse to the ground. Staring down at the latest body for a moment longer, Michael then crouched down and reached into Lonnie's pants pockets, pulling out a set of keys. One likely operated the police car that he used for patrolling the streets of Haddonfield. He wouldn't be needing the keys or the car any longer. Michael had a use for them though. He started to stand up, when he reached his hand towards Lonnie again, pulling his handcuffs free that time. Something else he wouldn't be needing any longer.

Approaching Lonnie's car unseen, or at least unseen by anyone who might care to approach him, he climbed in and started the engine. Revving it a few times, he slowly pulled the car around, making a u-turn on the otherwise quiet and empty street, pulling up directly in front of his house. Climbing back out, he opened the trunk before heading around to the back of the house again.

Returning a few moments later, he had Tyrone's body in his arms, the noose still around his neck. While it probably seemed risky even to him to carry a corpse around in the daytime, who was going to stop him? Dumping Tyrone and his noose into the trunk, he reached into his jumpsuit and pulled out both a small, blood stained towel and the sheriff's revolver, dropping them in on top of Tyrone before closing the trunk.

Opening the back door of the car facing the house, he then disappeared behind the house again, only to return once more, with Lonnie's body in his arms that time. Laying Lonnie's body across the back seat, he closed that door, only to climb in himself, start the engine again, and drive off, leaving the house mostly as it'd been before the girls had headed off to school that morning.

11. Wednesday, August 28th, Part II

By the time Elissa, Thora, and Chance returned home from school that afternoon, Michael, Tyrone, and Lonnie were long gone, the only evidence that anything had happened in the house during the day being the dried mud in Libby's room, the scuffs on the wall, and a small spot of blood on the railing upstairs. There were splashes of blood on the ground in the backyard too, the grass painted a dark red where it landed, but it wasn't likely that the girls would ever notice

that, not before it could rain again to wash it away.

Elissa was very much expecting something else to be waiting for her on her dresser when she headed upstairs to her room to put away her backpack, but to her surprise, there was nothing, or at least nothing that she was noticing right away. Everything appeared to still be as she'd left it. Had Michael, who she was certain it still was, decided to give up on tormenting her? It seemed unlikely to her and she was cautious as she moved across the hall from her room to the bathroom. As she flicked on the bathroom light, she was surprised again to not find anything that was not obviously out of place.

After she used the toilet, she washed her hands and that was when she noticed that the hand towel that they'd been using to dry their hands was missing. Perhaps Thora or Chance had put it in the laundry for some reason. Trying to brush it off as nothing more than that, Elissa reached under the sink and pulled out a fresh towel, before heading back downstairs.

She found Thora and Chance in the kitchen. Chance had taken stuff out of the refrigerator to make a couple of ham sandwiches, as well as the jug of milk.

"Do you want a sandwich, Lis?" Chance asked, looking up at Elissa as she entered the room.

"No thanks," she replied. "I will have some of that milk though."

As Elissa moved towards the cabinets to retrieve a glass for herself, Chance and Thora exchanged a quick glance, both surprised themselves that Elissa wasn't upset yet again about Michael Myers and that house. They still didn't know about the locket that Elissa had discovered the previous day. The locket with 'L.S.' engraved on it. And she didn't plan on telling them how she hadn't discovered anything that day either. She desperately wanted even one of them to believe her, but she didn't want to push them away either by continuing trying to convince them that she had seen Michael. So she was simply going to leave them alone about it.

* * *

><p>Once the girls ate their sandwiches and drank their milk before moving on to the living room to sit and chat, he felt that it was safe enough to let himself back inside, the back door opening and closing in complete silence. He then slowly walked across the kitchen floor to the refrigerator, which he opened and stared into. There was nothing special about the inside of the fridge though and it wasn't long before he reached into his jumpsuit, removing an object that was a lot bigger than any newspaper article or locket, which he set down inside on one of the shelves.<p>

Closing the refrigerator, he turned around and slowly approached the dining room, standing in the doorway between it and the kitchen. From there, he could clearly hear everything the girls were saying.

"I meant to tell you," Thora started, "I managed to convince them to come back out here tomorrow to finally hook up our cable and wi-fi. I don't have class tomorrow, so hopefully it'll be all ready by the time you two get back from class."

"Finally!" Chance said in return. "I've missed TV."

"You mean you've missed Skinemax," Elissa responded, which caused all three girls to break out into laughter.

"Forget Skinemax," Thora said. "I want some real skin soon."

Laughing again, Chance then said, "Maybe a repairman like you'd see on Skinemax?"

Again slowly, Michael moved around the dining room's table to the right where a door led to the front hall. Opening the door, he was unable to prevent that one from creaking, which caused him to freeze. The girl's chatting and laughing continued uninterrupted though, so he moved through the doorway, leaving the door open behind him, not daring to attempt closing it and knowing that the girls would also likely wonder why it was open.

* * *

><p>After talking for a while, about finally getting their cable and wi-fi hooked up, how their classes were going, and one of their two recent most popular topics, Libby (the other being Michael Myers, a topic they carefully avoided), they decided to go ahead and have dinner. Deciding that they wanted hamburgers, Thora offered to cook them on the stove. When she entered the dining room, she immediately noticed that the door leading to front hall was partially open. Puzzled, she walked over to it and, peeking into the front hall to see if something had somehow bumped it open, she closed it again, pulling on the knob once it was closed to make sure it wasn't loose.<p>

Shrugging it off, she continued to the kitchen, where she turned on the radio, 'The Ballad of Harry Warden' by John McDermott playing through the speakers. Pulling out a frying pan from the cabinets, she then turned to the refrigerator, opening it only to find something very peculiar sitting on the top shelf, right in the front. It almost looked like a piece of raw steak, a small amount of blood have seeped out of it onto the shelf.

"God dammit," she said to herself, feeling a bit disgusted at the idea that one of her roommates would just so carelessly leave something like that in the fridge without anything even underneath it.

She reached out to grab it, cringing at the feel of it, and she pulled it out for a closer look.

"Holy fuck!" she then shouted when she noticed the veins sticking out of it, dropping it to the floor where it landed with a wet smack.

Elissa and Chance came running into the room, wondering what happened. Thora had backed away from the fridge, the door still open, and she had one hand over her mouth while she pointed at the heart with the other.

Elissa didn't, couldn't say anything as she put her own hand over her mouth, just as shocked and disgusted. Chance however, while shocked,

wasn't nearly as disgusted. She was majoring in biology, after all. It wasn't her first time seeing a heart like that. Looking around for a moment, she saw what she wanted and grabbed a pen that she had left on the small kitchen table. Approaching the heart, she crouch down and prodded at it with the tip of pen before using the pen to flip it over on the floor.

Studying it for a moment, she then said, "Well, I'm pretty sure it's not a human heart. I'd say it belongs to kind of a small animal. Maybe a dog."

"I don't care what it came from!" Thora replied. "It's still awful! Who would do something like this?"

Standing up, Chance started to set her pen back on the table, but thought better of it and dropped it into the trashcan instead. It wasn't a big deal. She had plenty of other pens.

"Well, my guess would be Tyrone," Chance answered, looking at Elissa briefly, who still didn't say anything.

Elissa was certain it wasn't Tyrone, but she wasn't going to argue. She'd been down that road already and she knew how it ended.

"Should we call the cops?" Thora asked, looking at Elissa too and then back at Chance, her hand no longer over her mouth, but she still had a look of fright upon her face.

"I'll call them," Chance said, pulling out her cell phone and dialing '911' as she closed the refrigerator.

She looked down at the heart as she waited for the operator to pick up. It seemed to take longer than it should have and she almost hung up when someone finally answered.

"911, what is your emergency?" asked the operator, a woman.

"Can you send an officer to 45 Lampkin Lane?" Chance replied. "We've found...um...a heart."

The operator was silent for a moment.

"A heart? Ma'am, is this a joke? Because we're busy enough tonight, with the sheriff missing."

"Missing? What do you mean?"

"Yes, he's been missing since a little before noon. Turn on the news if you want details. I'm not a reporter."

"Well, this isn't a joke. We've found a heart in our refrigerator."

"Is anyone currently in danger?"

"No."

"Then an officer will be by later. No officers can be spared at the moment. Is that all?"

"Yeah. Thanks."

Chance then hung up and looked at her friends. Elissa had moved closer while Chance had been on the phone.

"She said an officer will be by later," Chance told them. "She said something about the sheriff missing."

Not knowing what else to do with the heart, Chance got a Ziploc bag and scooped the heart into it. She and Thora then scrubbed their hands before attending to the mess the heart had made on the shelf in the fridge and on the floor. None of them felt very hungry anymore, not for hamburgers.

* * *

><p>Libby checked her phone for what seemed the hundredth time that day. Still nothing. She frowned. It was as if Tyrone had disappeared into thin air. He hadn't shown at their designated meeting place, on the corner a few blocks away from the house, and she'd circled the block for what seemed like forever before giving up and returning to the apartment.<p>

Several times she'd started to send him a message before pausing, wondering if he were still hiding in the house waiting to make his move. She didn't want to text him and risk having his phone going off. She rolled her eyes. Of course she'd reminded him to turn the ringer off right before dropping him off, but Tyrone had a way of forgetting things. So she didn't call or text, not for the first few hours.

But now it was getting close to ten, and there had been no texts or calls telling her to come get him, nor had he called to say he'd walked to a friend's house, or had someone else pick him up. She wondered if he'd chickened out, and simply waited for her to drive away before calling one of his friends to come pick him up. That didn't seem too far beyond the pale, either.

She gripped her phone tighter, struggling to think of something. She didn't want to call the jail and ask if he were there, because that would look awfully suspicious, and might have ramifications for her as well. Shit! She hadn't even thought of that! What if they HAD picked him up and he'd blabbed that she had been the one to put him up to it? Would they come for her too? Could they be headed to the apartment right now with a set of special silver bracelets for her to wear?

She jumped up, grabbed her keys and bolted out of the apartment, her heart pounding like a drum. What to do? Libby threw open the door of her beat up VW, climbed in and started it up, pulling away from the apartments as smoothly as she could, her mind going a million miles an hour. Whatever was going on, she didn't want to be at the apartment if there was a chance the police were en route thanks to Tyrone's big mouth. She needed to get away, to think.

Driving down the main road aimlessly, she struggled to clear her mind enough to think logically. Spotting the Burger Basket at the next light, she pulled in and parked, shutting her lights off. Okay, think. She drew a deep breath, willing her mind to stop racing.

There was no guarantee Tyrone was in jail, but she also did not want to call up there and risk having suspicion cast on her regardless. She didn't have any of his friend's numbers stored in her phone, and Tyrone had always been very protective of his own phone, griping if she as much as even touched it. So calling any of his friends was out.

Driving by the house might work, she thought, if only to see if there were cop cars out front. That would be a fairly good indicator shit had gone south. There was always the chance of arousing suspicion, and if there WERE currently police there it was the last place she wanted to be.

And if the coast appeared to be clear, she could call one of her ex-roommates under the pretension of coming to collect the rest of her stuff. She HAD put it off for the most part, and her weekend deadline to be out was rapidly approaching. Yeah, that would be a plausible reason to call, and if they happened to mention Tyrone she could simply claim to have not seen him. That would likely work as well, and it wasn't even technically lying.

Satisfied with her plan, she started her car back up and pulled out of the Burger Basket, headed for the house. As she drove, she felt her anxiety lessen, confident in her plan. After all, there was no law against driving past a house, especially one that happened to still have most of her belongings inside.

The more she thought about it, it couldn't even be considered suspicious, if one of the girls happened to see her drive by, what of it? They didn't own Lampkin Lane. She could drive wherever she pleased, whenever she pleased, and there was not a thing wrong with that.

It was with a burst of confidence she made the turn onto Lampkin, sure that no matter what she had the wits to handle it. She felt as cool as the proverbial cucumber.

Then she saw the police car parked out front, and Chance just opening the door for the officer on the porch and Libby's foot reflexively mashed the gas pedal fighting the sudden urge she had to vomit.

* * *

><p>"So let me get this straight. You're saying your roommate opened the fridge, and this was sitting on the top shelf?"<p>

"Yes, sir. I'm not sure, but I think it's a dog heart." Chance said, Elissa standing behind her silently while Thora sat on the couch, her brow creased. Officer Pickford gingerly lifted the Ziplock bag containing the chunk of tissue, and turned it from side to side once. "I'm almost certain Tyrone Bradford did it. In fact, I'd bet money on it."

"Was this man here? Did you see him? Did you see him place this... thing in the fridge, or did you see him going out the back door, or did you see him on the lawn? In the street? Did he say anything to you to make you think he had anything to do with this?"

Chance paused for a moment, her face falling as she understood what

the officer was trying to say, in so many words.

"Well, were there any signs of forced entry?"

"No, not to my knowledge." Chance said quietly, looking over to Elissa. Elissa blinked, and shook her head no. Pickford scanned both girls faces before looking back to the gruesome contents of the bag.

"Okay. Here's the thing Miss Ruskin. I'm not saying you are wrong, and that this Tyrone is not be the person responsible. In fact, I'd be willing to go as far as to agree with you that you are more than likely right. But, and this is a big one, I can't go around arresting people based on 'I'm sure it's him.' It just doesn't work that way."

"I understand, Officer." Chance said, looking rather deflated. Pickford held up his free hand, as if attempting to wave away the look of disappointment off her face.

"You were right to call, and I want you to call again if anything else happens. You definitely did the right thing, don't think you didn't. This-" He lifted the bag and made a slight face "- is definitely not something I would want to see in my fridge, and I'd seriously question the mental state of whomever left it. That guy...Doc Loomis would have a field day with this, if he were here. Anyway, I don't blame you for calling, and on any other night I'm sure we'd have much more time and manpower to devote to this. But with the Sheriff... well..."

Elissa looked at him at the mention of the missing lawman, and he shook his head.

"Never mind. Look, I really need to get back out there. I'm going to take this... thing with me, and see if someone can give it a look over later and determine exactly what it is. And in the meantime, if you need us, do call."

"All right, Have a good evening, Officer." Chance said, as he turned to leave. He paused for a moment, and almost looked as if he were going to say something else before thinking better of it. Then walked out the door and towards his car, where he seemed to spend a moment staring at the house again before departing, lights flickering as he went to rejoin the search for Sheriff Elamb.

"I'm still sure it's Tyrone. I get what he's saying he can't just go out and arrest people based on someone else's word, but couldn't he at least go question him?" Chance said, shutting the front door and making certain it latched and that the lock was engaged properly.

"He said they were having manpower issues. That's probably why." Thora answered, having sat on the couch quietly through the exchange. Chance and Elissa glanced over, both secretly thankful to hear her say something finally. In a strange way Thora's silence had bothered both of them more than anything else that had happened that evening.

Ever since she'd clammed up after finding the lump of bloody tissue in the fridge, Chance had been bothered by the fact that her usually

vocal and no-nonsense friend was so shaken up over what she perceived as another one of Tyrone's pranks, albeit disgusting and disturbing. Elissa was disturbed for several reasons. She felt almost guilty for the small surge of 'I told you so' that had welled up in her guts almost to immediately dissipate after seeing the horrified look on her friend's face as she digested what had just happened. For a brief moment Elissa understood exactly how she must have looked and come across after that first scare, and how it must have felt for her friends to witness that. The fact that Thora had been involved at all in this latest event also bothered her on several levels.

Before tonight, Elissa felt that SHE had been the target of all these disturbing happenings, everything centering around her to the point that for a while she'd questioned her own sanity. Chance and Thora and even Libby had not seemed to even be on the radar as it were; everything seemed to happen to her, and her alone. The fact that the heart had been left in the fridge for any one of them to come across was especially bothersome when she contrasted it with the very personal trend the strange items she'd seen over the last couple of days had taken. They'd been appearing in her room, in her drawers, on her dresser, and now suddenly they were being left in the fridge where Elissa was not guaranteed to be the one to find them.

What could that possibly mean? Elissa wasn't sure, but she did know that it certainly did not bode well. Leaving the heart there had been a bold move, and if pushed to explain its significance she would have guessed that it was a message that he felt comfortable enough to not care if the other girls began to think something really was amiss. Sure, the clipping had been out on the porch, as had the small promotional Strode Realty calendar, but those had all been things easily explained away. A heart? Not so much. While it was feasible that a scrap of paper might blow on a porch, or fall out of a nook in a long vacant house, there was no fucking explaining away a dog's heart in the refrigerator. No, he was getting bolder, and that worried her.

However, this knowledge was not the only thing Elissa had taken away from this evening. While Officer Pickford had not really been any help in Chance and Thora's eyes, Elissa felt very differently. Sure, he hadn't gone out and arrested either Tyrone or Myers, he had given her something. An idea.

She honestly hadn't thought about it before now, and felt rather foolish for not thinking of it when she'd pored over all those articles the day before. There had been a constant in every one of the accounts she'd read other than Myers, an unfortunate family member, and a trail of grisly deaths. And Pickford's offhand comment had brought it to the forefront of her mind.

Loomis. Myers' doctor. If anyone knew Myers, it was Sam Loomis. The man that had spent decades trying to keep him under lock and key while warning the world of his danger, as well as pursuing him with an almost sixth sense. In fact Loomis had been mentioned in almost every single article to the point where it seemed as if without one there couldn't be the other. As if Loomis were a modern day literal Captain Ahab.

And Michael was his white whale.

Elissa had not ironed out the logistics of her plan just yet, but she

knew that if anyone could possibly help her and her friends, it was Loomis. She had to contact him, somehow.

Before they tried to settle in for the night, Chance checked the backdoor too. Discovering that it was unlocked, she locked it, unable to help wondering how long it'd been like that. Peeking out of the window briefly, she then turned around and left the kitchen to join her friends in the living room.

12. Thursday, August 29th, Part I

The sun was just beginning to rise over Haddonfield. The police force as well as some other locals had spent the entire night searching for their lost sheriff, but they'd come up empty-handed. As the hours passed, their effort seemed less and less promising. They'd searched the woods, the ditches, behind houses and other buildings, anywhere they could think to look for Lonnie, dead or, preferably, alive.

Deputy Adrian Auteberry, a close friend of Lonnie and his family, was one of the many searching while his wife comforted Lonnie's wife and children. He wanted to have hope that they'd find him alive and soon. Like everyone else out there though, he couldn't help but think the worst. He couldn't help but think that they might find Lonnie's body in a back alley, a rat chewing at his cold flesh, or maybe a couple months later in a shallow grave in the woods. Those thoughts caused him to shudder each time they passed through his head, but they kept coming no matter how hard he tried to stop them.

Eventually, he headed back to the police station, though others will still out there, exhausted yet wide awake due to the circumstances. He hadn't had a chance to sleep in nearly forty-eight hours. Fortunately, the rest of the town had been quiet as they searched, or so he thought. As he sat down in his chair at his desk, a fresh cup of coffee in hand, he noticed a report sitting on his desk. Sighing, he reached out to examine it, his jaw dropping slightly as he read. It was about a heart found in the refrigerator at 45 Lampkin Lane. He almost started to panic, thinking it was possibly Lonnie's heart, until he read further and saw that the report also said it was a small heart, probably an animal's heart. It was still peculiar though. Wasn't that the old Myers' place?

Looking at the name of the officer who'd filed the report, Adrian saw that it was Officer Pickford. He must have dropped it off earlier while on a break from the search. He'd have to ask Pickford more about it. Even if it was an animal's heart, it still seemed like there was more to it since it occurred while the police force was preoccupied and in that house of all places. Everyone in Haddonfield knew the story behind the Myers' house, after all.

Still holding onto the report with one hand, he took a sip of his coffee, his thoughts wondering back to Lonnie, wondering if he'd get a call while he sat there that they'd found Lonnie in one of the horrible scenarios that had passed through his head. That was when a new scenario then entered his head. Adrian knew that one of the previous sheriffs had retired and left Haddonfield due to his daughter's death at the hands of Michael Myers and another had been murdered directly by him. Was it possible that Lonnie had met a similar fate and the heart was supposed to be some kind of

message?

Adrian felt foolish for thinking that though. Michael Myers hadn't been seen around Haddonfield, or anywhere else for that matter, in years. Decades. He knew that some people around there still thought that the boogeyman was lurking around in the shadows, but he wasn't and wouldn't be one of those people. He dealt in fact, in what was real, in what truly existed. Not ghosts and legends of those long since gone.

Finishing reading the report, he also saw that a Tyrone Bradford was listed at the possible perpetrator. That name rang a bell.

* * *

><p>Only a short while later, Officer Pickford arrived back at the station himself. Adrian didn't have to go seek him out as he ended up coming to Adrian's office anyway. Pickford knocked on the the door frame, the door itself already open, causing Adrian to look up from his desk, still lost in his own thoughts.<p>

"Anything?" he asked right away, causing Pickford to just shake his head 'no'.

"No sign of him or his car," Pickford then said.

Adrian looked back down at his own desk, shaking his head. The whole situation felt kind of surreal. Sure, people went missing all the time, including cops. But you never expected it to be someone you know, someone you're friends with, someone you look up to. Pickford stood in the doorway for a moment longer before he started to turn to leave.

"Wait," Adrian then said, causing Pickford to stop and turn back around. "Can you tell me anything more about this?"

Grabbing at the report on his desk, Adrian held it up for Pickford to see what he was talking about.

Taking a couple steps into Adrian's office, Pickford answered with, "Not much more than what I already put in the report. One of the girls seemed certain that it was that guy Tyrone, but there was no way to prove it. I told them to call again if anything else happened."

"Why does that name ring a bell?" Adrian asked. "Did we bring him in before?"

"Well, I wondered the same thing," Pickford replied, "so I looked him up and apparently we've picked him up several times before. Just for small stuff. The guy's just a punk, nothing more. There are a few warrants out for him though, but they're also for relatively minor things."

Adrian sat back in his desk chair to think on that bit of information, rubbing at his chin. Could someone like Tyrone be behind Lonnie's disappearance? It was always a possibility. And what about the heart in the fridge? Adrian felt like there had to be some kind of connection, but he wasn't sure what it was exactly. He felt like something was missing.

"Bring in Mr. Bradford for questioning," he then suddenly told Pickford.

"Yes, sir," Pickford responded, before turning around to leave again.

Dropping the report back onto his desk, Adrian sat back again, bringing his cup of coffee with him and finishing it off. He felt determined to get to the bottom of Lonnie's disappearance and he really hoped that Tyrone could at least give him information to point him in the right direction.

* * *

><p>As he'd done for her on her first day of school, Michael once again followed Elissa from the house as she headed down the sidewalk. His footsteps were silent on the concrete as he kept his pace in sync with hers, ready to step or duck out of sight at even the hint that she might turn around and spot him.<p>

Though she might have turned to look at any sudden sounds, she was rather lost in her head that sunny morning, her mind rampant with thoughts of the dog heart they discovered the day before and her plans to contact Dr. Loomis. She was hoping that the cable and internet would be ready when she returned home from class, because going online seemed like the best option for finding a way to reach him.

He really did seem like her only hope at that point, especially with Haddonfield's sheriff having mysteriously gone missing. She didn't know if the police had managed to find anything overnight, but she had a feeling that either way, Michael Myers was involved somehow. Sheriff Elamb had reacted very oddly when he'd learned that they were living in that house and now she was pretty sure she knew all too well why that was. Had the sheriff had his own encounter with the town's most infamous resident?

Part of her mind kept saying that maybe the sheriff had been in a car accident, his vehicle stuck in a ditch or the woods, or that maybe some other criminal had gotten to him or maybe even that he'd decided to simply run away, but each idea seemed farfetched to her and she found herself always roaming back to the thought of Michael Myers.

When she turned off of Lampkin Lane, he quickly stepped between two houses to avoid her possibly catching him out of the corner of her eye. Moving between the houses, he ended up in a system of alleyways that ran between the backs of the houses. From there, he could still see her, continuing to walk along, unknowing of his eyes following her from where he stood. He decided to keep using the alleys for cover, cutting down the row of houses she currently walked by and peeking at her from between the houses, fences, trees, and hedges.

Passing a backyard containing a German Shepherd, the dog started to bark and growl at Michael from behind its wooden fence. He continued walking uninterrupted, the dog following him as far as it could, but Elissa did stop, turning her head to look and catching a glimpse of him among the trees and shrubbery between the houses.

"Oh shit," she said to herself, taking several steps back in fear.

She almost felt like she should have expected him to be nearby at that point. He stared back at her, having stopped in his tracks when she did. She could feel her heart pounding in her chest, not sure what to do, so she did the first natural thing that came to mind: ran. He was likely quite used to that reaction, with all of his victims who'd attempted to run away from him in the past.

The dog still barking in a ferocious manner, Michael followed after her, walking faster. They passed a couple people as they moved, one an elderly man mowing his lawn and another a high school boy who was shuffling along, loud rock music coming from his headphones, but they were oblivious to the ongoing game of cat and mouse.

He continued to follow her as she turned another corner, his pace still a fast walk. When he too turned the corner, he saw the college up ahead. She was still running, racing up onto the grass of the campus. There were a lot more people in that area though, both for the college and for the shops across the street from the college. He slowed his walk, moving around and behind people, continuing to watch her.

She looked back at him as she slowed down to a walk herself, far from him at that point, but still within sight of each other. Turning back around, she walked across one of the campus' parking lots, carefully looking around until she saw a parked golf cart with one of the campus police officers standing next to it.

Catching her breath as she approached him, she said, "Hey, I think there's a guy following me."

Elissa pointed across to the shops, though she wasn't sure Michael was still there. She couldn't see him anymore at least.

Looking back at the officer, who was giving her a funny look, she said, "Please, just go look! It's a guy in a...mask."

She had almost said it was a 'white mask', but she didn't want him to think she was crazy too.

Sighing, he finally said, "Okay, I'll go have a look."

She watched as he walked off towards the shops, though as she'd suspected, after a moment of searching around, he found nothing. She could see the officer looking back in her direction, likely not very happy that she'd wasted her time. Turning around, she walked away and headed for her first class, not wanting to be in that parking lot still when the officer returned.

* * *

><p>Libby had spent the better part of the night waiting for the police to come bursting in her door at any moment, after she'd been brave enough to finally return to the apartment. However, she'd waited and waited, sweating bullets and practicing her alibi before figuring out that they were not likely coming for her. Whatever the police were doing over at her old house, it obviously had not led to

anyone dropping her name, or Tyrone's for that matter or the police would have arrived hours ago.<p>

For that she felt relieved, but Tyrone had still not returned, and he still wasn't answering her calls or messages. In fact when she tried to call, it went directly to his voice mail, as if the phone had died. Libby frowned, not really sure what to think at this point.

She still didn't want to call the jail and ask if he had been picked up for obvious reasons. In fact, surely he would have called by now to be bailed out if that were the case. He'd been missing for almost eighteen hours now, surely that was enough time for him to make his phone call if he really had been caught in the house. So he more than likely was not in jail. Maybe he had indeed decided to catch a ride with a friend, instead of meeting up with her, and he was currently passed out on a couch somewhere. That seemed more likely at this point than anything else. At this point Libby couldn't honestly swear that Tyrone had even ever gone inside the house, and that he hadn't just gotten cold feet and flaked off to wherever.

But as much as she wanted to believe that Tyrone had just been unreliable as he often could be, there was still a nagging feeling in the pit of her stomach that insisted it wasn't that simple. After all, there had not been a cop on the porch for no reason when she'd driven by. As loony as Elissa was and as bitchy as Chance and Thora were Libby knew they wouldn't have called the police for no reason at all.

Something had to have provoked them into summoning the authorities, even if that something had not been Tyrone at all.

Her mind wandered briefly to Elissa's various complaints and accusations before she chided herself for even entertaining the notion that someone really had been sulking around leaving those things for her to find. Elissa might be convinced that she was being stalked by a psycho that hadn't been seen in almost a decade and had likely died years before, but Libby wasn't buying that shit. She didn't believe in the boogeyman, after all. That stuff was for kids. No, Elissa was just off her rocker.

Tyrone's absence aside there was also still the matter of her things at the house to contend with. As lazy as she'd been about clearing everything out, she certainly didn't want her things thrown on the curb to be picked over. She really did need to go over there and start moving out if she wanted to make their ridiculous weekend deadline. Plus, it would be interesting to find out exactly why the police had been over there, if it hadn't been to pick up Tyrone.

She retrieved her purse from the kitchen counter, digging for a moment to retrieve her house key. Her roommates had not yet asked for it back yet, so fuck them. She would go on over, let herself in if no one was home, and at least bring a couple of light loads back to the apartment. When Tyrone decided to get his lazy, probably hungover ass off of the random couch he had no doubt passed out on he could help with the furniture. And if her ex-roommates were home, whatever. In fact she almost hoped Elissa would be there, if only to get in a few good parting shots to ensure the bitch wouldn't catch a wink that night. She almost wished that she'd bought an extra mask to leave in the silly twat's closet to give her a real scare.

Libby checked her phone one last time before grabbing her car keys and heading out, locking the door behind her. If Tyrone happened to show back up before she got back, well fuck him too. He could sit in the stairwell and wait for her to let him in since he invariably always forgot his keys. It would serve him right for staying out all night anyway.

13. Thursday, August 29th, Part II

Thora lay sprawled on the couch, flipping through a magazine fighting the urge to put it down and curl up and catch a nap. She didn't dare however, certain that the technician would pick the precise moment she was out cold to come by and decide no one was home, resulting in another note on the door advising her to reschedule. She'd slept terribly the night before, spending more time tossing and turning than she had actually sleeping. Usually rising before any of her friends and starting the coffee pot this morning she'd stayed in bed staring at the ceiling until she heard both Chance and Elissa leave, only then venturing down stairs to check the locks. They had both assumed she was sleeping in, but the truth was she didn't really want to talk to either of them that morning, didn't want to discuss the events of the night before.

Her eyes began to flutter again, threatening sleep and she shifted up into a more upright position and contemplated another cup of coffee. Groaning with effort she pulled herself off the couch and padded towards the kitchen to fulfill her need for caffeine. As she passed the fridge she paused for a moment, her thoughts drifting back to the night before, of seeing that awful thing sitting on the fridge shelf much in the way she'd leave a foil wrapped plate of leftovers. She winced, thinking about how it had squished in her hand, the spongy texture of it, the way she'd felt when Chance announced what it was...

She shook her head almost reflexively. Taking a deep breath, she walked over to the cabinet and took out a cup and filled it with coffee, deciding to just drink it black as she had earlier. The taste was not the most agreeable, but the idea of taking the cream from the fridge was even more repulsive even though Chance had taken everything out and scrubbed all the surfaces thoroughly before going to bed. Although some sugar would definitely make it more bearable. She reached for the sugar bowl, before nearly dropping it as a sharp knock at the door shattered the silence.

Thora set the cup down on the counter and bolted for the living room, practically flinging the door open not wanting to give the technician even a second to decide that she wasn't home and to start filling out that little white and green notice to stick on the door.

"Um, hi. I'm Todd with Charter. Looks like you were expecting me. I'm here to hook up your cable and internet, Miss..." He glanced down at the work order for a moment. "Esser. All right if I come in and have a look at what we've got here?"

"Sure, sure. Come on in." Thora said, stepping back to allow the technician inside. He went over to the television, squatting down to take a quick look at what he'd need to connect the cable. Thora was about to shut the door when she thought she saw movement on the other

side of the street. She stood there, trying to make out what she'd seen but the van parked out front prevented her from getting a better look. Giving up, she pulled the door closed, and locked it. Todd turned to her at the sound of the lock engaging, eyes darting from the door to Thora.

"I'm not sure what they told you over the phone, but I promise I can get you all fixed up in an hour or so. I'm not going to stop halfway through and leave on a five hour lunch break and then reschedule for next month. You don't have to lock me in to be sure you have AMC by this evening, I promise." He joked. Thora blinked, before smiling slightly in embarrassment.

"I'm sorry, we've just all been trying to make an effort to keep the doors locked more, and it's just become habit I guess," she chuckled, reaching out to unlock the door. "I promise I'm not intending to kidnap you to get all the premium channels and a free upgrade on the internet."

"Oh, don't worry about it, I was just joking. You can lock it, but I will be needing to come in and out though. If you'd rather me use the back door, that would be fine, and you could keep that one locked, it's up to you."

"No, no it's fine. Really, it's just habit. I'll leave it unlocked, it's no big deal." Todd nodded and directed his attention back to the television, before standing up and asking where the phone jack was, and what bedrooms she wanted connected. Thora showed him where the outlet was, and waved him up to the bedrooms. She was about to follow him up before catching another glimpse of movement outside the living room window, drawing her attention like a moth to a flame. Slowly approaching the window, she peered out only to catch what looked like a person dressed in dark clothing passing just out of her view, to the right of the house.

Thora stood there, torn between going out to the porch for a better look, or just letting it go. Lampkin Lane was a fairly quiet street, but the idea that someone from the neighborhood might just be out taking a morning stroll or something wasn't too unbelievable. For a moment she wondered if Elissa hadn't rubbed off on her and that she was starting to see potential boogeymen everywhere as well. Besides, what prowler worth his salt would be out skulking around in broad daylight anyway?

Just then Todd came down the stairs, after taking a quick look at the televisions in the bedrooms. He excused himself to go out to the van and get his tools, and she followed him out onto the porch where she surreptitiously looked up and down the street, to see no one in either direction. Satisfied it had either been a neighbor that had already gone inside or just a trick of the eye, she let it go and instead turned her attention to Todd. He wasn't bad looking honestly, and she liked the way his eyes crinkled when he smiled. Plus he looked pretty good in that uniform, good enough for her to wonder what he looked like out of it. Maybe if she played her cards right she could ask him if he wanted to go out and catch a movie Saturday night or something. The thought of 'or something' caused her to smirk to herself.

That was what she needed, a distraction from everything that had been happening all week. It would be nice, and well, it had been a while

anyway. It would definitely give her something to think about other than dog hearts in the refrigerator. She waited for him to retrieve his tool box and come back up to the house before offering him a drink and stepping back in with him, shutting the door and failing to notice the faint rustle of fabric coming from the right side of the house.

She headed to the kitchen and got him a glass of water, as he'd requested when she asked. Finding him in the living room when she returned, she set the glass down on a coaster on the coffee table. Rather embarrassingly, she could feel herself blushing as she stared at him, his back to her as he examined further behind the living room TV. She could also feel a small amount of wetness forming between her legs, which she felt slightly ashamed for. She might have tried to be a logical, no nonsense type of person, but even she felt lust from time to time. She wanted Todd, badly. He was exactly her type as far as looks went and he had a friendly personality too.

"Hey, I'll be back in a minute, okay?" she said, heading out of the living room before he could answer or see her blushing.

Going to her bedroom, she headed to her dresser, pulling open drawers and digging through them until she found what she wanted: a pair of small, tight, bright pink shorts. Stepping out of her jeans and panties, she looked down at her short brown pubes, glad she'd shaved them not long ago. She then slipped the shorts on, feeling them stretch tightly around her ass, before heading back downstairs to the living room, or more specifically, to Todd.

Finding that he was crouched down at his open toolbox, digging through it, she moved towards the TV and, before she could lose her nerve, she bent over next to it, pretending to look at what he'd been looking at behind the TV, her ass in the air where he'd be unable to miss it once he stood up and turned back around.

"So, are you in..." he started to say, stopping in mid-sentence when he saw her ass, her curves very evident in the shorts she'd chosen.

Wiggling her ass slightly at him, realizing that she risked scaring him off and further delaying their cable and internet hookup, but she also felt like that risk was low.

Standing back up, she turned to face him, flashing a smile, before asking, "What were you saying?"

He just looked at her for a moment, his mouth slightly open.

"Uh..." he said finally, "I need to go check something outside."

After he was outside, she slowly walked into the front hall, grinning to herself as she peeked out the front door window at him. She'd definitely caught him off-guard, but since he wasn't packing his toolbox back up to leave, she was pretty sure she hadn't scared him away.

Moving over to the staircase, she climbed up the first few steps, before sitting down and spreading her legs wide, lightly rubbing at her pussy through her shorts, her slit getting wetter. When he did

come back inside a couple minutes later, he barely managed to close to front door as his mouth fell open, a little wider that time. He couldn't believe what was happening. And in a way, she couldn't either. She couldn't help but think back to what was said the day before with her roommates though, about Skinemax and repairmen.

Using her finger to motion him towards her, she said, "Todd, I need more than cable and wi-fi from you."

Cautiously, he moved towards her, mouth still open, not even sure what to say, only watching as she took his hand in hers, bring it to the same spot on the front of her shorts and rubbing his fingers against her pussy, a small, slightly dark spot beginning to form on the cloth from her wetness.

"Mmm," Thora then said, looking Todd in the eyes. "Do you like that?"

Looking back at her, he slowly nodded, still seeming unsure of exactly how to react, though he began moving his hand against the front of her shorts on his own, pressing slightly, tracing his fingers slowly up and down her moist slit. She then pulled his fingers away, bringing them up to her mouth where she stuck out her tongue, first licking at his finger tips and then sucking them into her mouth.

Letting his fingers slide out of her mouth, but still holding his hand with hers, she stood up and slowly started to walk up the stairs, pulling him up with her. He followed, still staring at her, his mouth having finally closed, a visible bulge forming in his khaki pants. At the top of the stairs, she led him around the railing, looking back at him with a grin on her face, stopping at her bedroom door. Releasing his hand finally, she moved over to her bed where she laid down on her back, legs spread slightly, looking at him again, waiting to see what he'd do.

She didn't have to wait long to find out, because after a few more moments of staring at her in return, he stepped into her room, slowly moving towards her. Standing at the foot of her bed, directly in front of her, he reached down to grab the waistband of her shorts, tugging at them and sliding them down her legs, exposing her glistening pussy. Dropping the pink shorts to the floor, he reached down to undo his pants, pulling them and his underwear down, his hard cock popping out, a small amount of pre-cum already on the tip.

Gazing up at him, she then suddenly sat up, latching one hand around the base of his cock before sliding his hard meat into her mouth.

* * *

><p>Michael silently circled his house, peeking through its windows to keep an eye on Thora and Todd. When Todd went outside, Michael waited at the side of the house, barely peeking around the corner, until Todd headed back inside. Stepping back out into the front yard, he cautiously approached the living room window. Not seeing anyone inside, he moved a little closer, able to see Thora and Todd at the stairway. His breathing started getting a little heavier as he realized what they were doing, staring as Todd slowly rubbed at

Thora's crotch.<p>

Waiting until they moved upstairs, he then headed away from the window and stepped up onto the porch. Reaching out, he tried the door knob, not surprised when it turned. Despite the girls recent increase of security as far as locking doors went, Thora seemed too distracted for such things. Pushing open the door, he could hear them upstairs moving around. Given what he'd already seen, he had some idea as to what was happening.

Entering his house, he pushed the door shut behind himself before slowly climbing up the stairs, their sounds getting louder with each step he climbed. He could hear heavy breathing and, soon after, the squeaking of bed springs. Once to the second floor landing, he paused and turned his head to look at Thora's open bedroom door. Judith's open bedroom door. Judith and her boyfriend, Danny, who'd made similar sounds in her room numerous times, including that Halloween night in 1963.

Silently moving into Elissa's room, he stopped at the door between Elissa and Thora's rooms. The door was shut, so he grabbed at that knob as well, carefully twisting it and opening the door just as crack, able to fully see them. Both of their clothes in a pile at the foot of the bed, Thora was underneath Todd, her legs hooked around his waist, moaning and whining and he thrust his cock into her pussy. He slid his cock balls deep into her pussy, before pulling back, only to thrust back in fast and hard.

Feeling his own cock hardening at both the visuals and sounds that the two were providing him, Michael reached up and began to pull down the zipper of his jumpsuit before reaching in and pulling his cock out. Gripping it tightly, he began to slowly stroke it, he own breathing getting heavier again as Thora's moans started getting louder, Todd thrusting even faster, which caused her to bring her hands to his back, digging her nails in. Starting to cum, Michael saw her body spasm as Todd kept pounding into her.

As he slowed down his thrusting, she pushed him away from her, his still hard cock sliding out of her dripping pussy, only to roll over on her knees, sticking her round ass into the air at him, her head down, her hands spreading the cheeks of her ass for him.

"Please," she said, her breathing still heavy. "Please! I want it. I need it."

Todd once again seemed unsure, before shrugging and grabbing the lube that Thora had already taken out. Squirting some into one hand, he spread it around his condom-covered cock and then applied some to her ass as well before holding his cock with one hand and pressing it against her tight hole, slowly sliding in. She moaned and whined even more as his cock began to stretch her ass, which caused Michael to suddenly fumble a hand into his jumpsuit, taking out the student ID of Elissa's that he'd taken a couple days before.

Staring down at Elissa's picture as Thora continued making her sounds while Todd pushed his cock even deeper into her asshole, Michael began to stroke his cock faster, his breaths starting to get shorter and heavier. He suddenly stopped though when he heard the sound of a car pulling up outside. Thora and Todd didn't seem to hear it, but he wasn't taking any chances. Slipping his pre-cum dripping cock back

into his jumpsuit, he zipped it shut again and put Elissa's ID back into his pocket as he turned around, walking back out of her room and heading to the landing.

Not able to see anyone coming up to the front door yet, he proceeded to go down the stairs, moving through the living room and dining room to the kitchen, not wasting anytime. Unlocking the back door, he quickly opened it and stepped outside, only to close it again, leaving it unlocked.

* * *

><p>Libby cursed under her breath to find her customary parking space at the curb in front of the house taken up by a Charter Communications van, and Thora had apparently been a big enough jerk to park just far enough away to make scooting in between the van and truck impossible for her. It wouldn't normally be that much of a problem but apparently the neighbors had guest as well that insisted on parking by the curb as well, forcing her to park even further down.<p>

She got out, leaving her purse on the seat thinking that she'd be right back with the first load, contemplating waiting until the next day to come back for the rest since she obviously wasn't going to be able to park any closer anytime soon. Hauling trash bags full of clothing three houses down just to walk back and get more stuff wasn't her style at all. She had class at three anyway, and she wasn't going to waste all morning getting sweaty and then show up to US History II all sweaty and disheveled. She'd just go in, grab a few things, and find out why the police had been there the night before, and then head back to the apartment. If Tyrone wasn't home yet, she'd start making a few phone calls to find someone with a truck and muscle to get the rest tomorrow or Saturday. Of course if she did come back to find him sitting in the stairwell she had some choice words for him, the asshole.

Libby played absently with her car keys wrapping the lanyard back and forth around her index finger mentally rehearsing what she would say to Thora when the dry snap of a branch caught her attention. She turned her head to catch a brief flash of white latex and dark material disappear behind a wall of shrubbery a few houses up. Libby groaned, relieved to finally see Tyrone and yet livid at the same time.

"Tyrone, you son of a bitch, you were supposed to play boogeyman yesterday and then meet me at the corner, not disappear all night and come back again today. On top of that you don't even call or text to tell me where you are?" She hissed, approaching the bush quickly to catch up with her boyfriend before Thora spotted them both. "Seriously? What the hell, Tyrone?"

Tyrone did not reply, his back to her and obviously nonplussed by her words. Libby rolled her eyes and

reached out to grab Tyrone by the arm, but before she could he turned around and grabbed her by the throat, turning her completely around and pulling her towards him before clapping another hand over her mouth and nose to smother any screaming. Libby thrashed as the hand around her throat tightened like a vice. Where she had tried to avoid being seen only moments earlier, now she flailed and tried to scream,

hoping to attract attention from her former roommate or anyone for that matter.

She grabbed at the hand gripping her throat in a desperate bid to pull it away and gasp for breath but it would not budge and if anything only clamped down even tighter. As her vision began to dim, she twisted to look up at her attacker, wondering how Tyrone could do this to her when she realized that it was not Tyrone's eyes staring down at her from behind that blank white mask.

The realization sent Libby into yet another convulsion of swinging and kicking even though she knew it was pointless. This was how it was going to end for her, slowly strangled to death behind a row of bushes near the house she had been foolish to ever even step foot into. She grasped for the car keys that had by miracle of miracles somehow stayed wrapped around her finger and stabbed them back into his leg, hoping against hope it might cause him to let go. However he only gripped her face and throat even tighter if that were somehow possible, before forcing her head backwards with a quick crack. Libby shuddered for a moment before going limp in his hands, dropping the keys to the ground with a muffled clink.

His eyes darted down to the keys she'd tried to stab him with as he continued holding up her slack form, almost as if considering something. Shifting the dead girl so she was supported by his left arm, he reached down for the keys and grabbed them before carrying Libby to the edge of the bushes and looking down the street to be sure no one would see him. He could see the yellow Volkswagen parted just a few feet up to the right, and after another quick glance he started towards it, hauling Libby along like a sack of groceries. Shifting her weight again to unlock the trunk at the front of the car he let her drop inside before shoving a wayward arm in and shutting the lid. Then he made his way to the driver's side door and slid into the seat, knocking Libby's purse to the passenger side floorboard. He started the car and pulled away from the curb, and started down Lampkin Lane away from his house.

14. Thursday, August 29th, Part III

That afternoon, as she somewhat cautiously headed back off of the campus towards the shops across the street, Elissa was surprised to not see Michael anywhere in sight, carefully scanning her surroundings, knowing that he could easily be hiding as she'd learned he liked to do.

As she was about to cross the street though, she saw something that she hadn't expected: Libby's car, very slowly pulling away from the curb, driving right past her, speeding up only after it had passed Elissa. She tried to peek inside of the car, but the windows were up and the sunlight made it difficult to see through the glass. It wasn't so odd for Libby to be around the college, as she was attending it too, but it was something about the way it'd gone by so slowly that struck Elissa as odd. Had Libby been waiting on her for some reason?

Shaking it off as Libby just being a bitch and trying to freak her out further, Elissa continued walking, moving past the shops, which were buzzing with activity from other students who were also done with class for the day. She remained mindful of her surroundings as

she walked along, finding herself peering between houses and hesitant to pass any hedges, feeling very paranoid, freezing at even the slightest object or sound that seemed out of place. She was uncomfortable in the open like that and she was wishing that she'd either brought her own vehicle that day or had caught a ride with someone.

Her uncomfortableness was only increased when she saw Libby's car slowly driving down the street towards her, not stopping, and again only speeding up once it'd passed Elissa. Why would Libby have circled around to drive past her again?

Starting to walk a little faster, she was really hoping that the internet was ready when she got home as she was eager to try to find a way to contact Dr. Loomis. She really wasn't sure what she'd do if she couldn't reach him. He was her only hope.

Turning onto Lampkin Lane, she continued to walk fast, despite having not seen any sign of Michael. And then she heard the sound of a car slowly approaching behind her. Stopping to look, she saw that it was Libby's car again and instead of speeding away when it was past her, it was suddenly braked to a stop. Shaking slightly, Elissa slowly approached the car, planning on telling Libby off, but before she could reach the car, it suddenly sped off again. She watched as the car went up the street, turning a corner and disappearing from her sight.

* * *

><p>Thora was just stepping out of the bathroom after a shower, having needed one after her fun and messy time spent with Todd, when Elissa returned home. Elissa leaned back first against the door after she shut and locked it.<p>

Able to tell that something was wrong by the look on Elissa's face, Thora started to walk down the stairs and asked, "What's wrong?"

Elissa seemed to snap out of a daze at Thora's words and looked up at her friend for a moment, quickly replying with, "Oh, it's nothing."

Thora felt her high spirits drop slightly, able to tell that Elissa wasn't being honest, but she supposed she couldn't blame her. Chance and she had tried to remain logical when it came to Elissa and her fright over the house, had even driven her to tears in frustration. She couldn't just forget about the heart in the fridge from the day before though or the fact that she thought she'd seen someone moving around outside the house earlier.

Walking the rest of the way down the stairs, she then said, "Well, the cable and internet is all set up and ready to go. The guy gave me his own number to call in case we have any issues."

Of course, Thora neglected to mention that the deep fucking Todd had given her probably had something to do with that and she did plan on using the number one way or another, hoping to see him again sooner rather than later.

"That's good then," Elissa replied, setting her backpack down in the

living room before heading to the kitchen, Thora following her.
"That'll give us something to do other than studying."

Thora could still hear a hint of unease in her friend's voice, but she didn't pry, not sure what she could say anyway that might improve the situation.

"Before I forget," Elissa then said, turning to look at Thora as she grabbed an apple from the fruit bowl on the table, not in a hurry to return to the refrigerator herself, though they both supposed they'd have to eventually, "at school, Chance told me that Rob's coming over tonight for dinner. She said they'll bring Chinese."

"That fine by me," Thora responded. "Chance probably told him that our cable was getting hooked up today and now he wants to watch our free premium channels while we have them."

* * *

><p>A few hours later, Elissa, Thora, Chance, and Rob were all seated at the table in the kitchen, several cartons of various Chinese food open on the table, the contents on their plates. Chance had also picked up a fresh case of beer, so they were drinking on that too. They had plenty to talk about, but they avoided mentioned the heart in the fridge, especially since Chance thought it was a dog heart and they all knew what people said about dogs and Chinese food.<p>

"Has Libby stopped by to pick up any of her shit yet?" Chance asked. "Tomorrow's her last day. I know she still has a key, so she has no excuse to not do it."

"Not that I know of," Thora answered. "Knowing her, I doubt it."

"What about you, Elissa?" Chance then asked, looking over at Elissa.

Elissa merely shook her head 'no', not bothering to mention the bizarre incident with Libby's car that afternoon, refusing to set herself up for more lecturing from her roommates. Chance nor Rob seemed to notice Elissa's awkward silence, but Thora did, giving her friend a concerned look, who saw and simply gave her a small smile in return.

"I say come Saturday morning," Rob said, "toss her shit to the curb. She can come pick it up from out there if she still wants it. I say change your locks too, if she still has a key."

"Yeah, good idea," Thora chimed in. "I'm afraid to even think about what might happen if Tyrone got a hold of her key."

Or if someone else did. At that thought, she took a long sip of her beer.

A little while later, Chance and Rob headed for the sofa in the living room, flipping through the premium channels in excitement, and Thora was secretly contemplating calling Todd as she cleaned up what few dishes they'd used. Elissa headed upstairs to her room though, having other plans of her own.

* * *

><p>After plenty of hits and misses, Elissa finally found what she was looking for. After sifting through a variety of sites, some of which she'd seen previously at the library she'd finally found something that looked promising. Like many of the others it detailed Myers decades long murder spree sparing no gory details, but unlike the others more emphasis was placed on Dr. Loomis's role in the events.<p>

So much emphasis on Loomis in fact that the webmaster claimed to have interviewed the man personally in 1998 and posted it on the site. Elissa almost cried with relief finding this gem. If the webmaster had managed to get in touch with Loomis to interview him, then perhaps he could do her the favor of either passing along a message for her or even better yet have Loomis himself contact her.

She clicked on the email address posted in the contact section, and carefully thought about how she would word what likely would sound like a ridiculous, histrionic request. While she was certain Loomis would understand and believe her given all of his experience with Michael, how could she be so certain that the author wouldn't write her off as a crank?

Given that there was in her new-found experience researching Myers not much ever said about Dr. Loomis himself other than his association with Michael, she decided to read the interview first, and then send her email. After all if she were going to contact him for help, it might be very well worth it to see exactly what he had to say about Michael, in his own words.

* * *

><p>An Interview with Dr. Samuel Loomis 1001/1998

By Steve Nedbalek

Q. First off Dr. Loomis, I want to express how thankful I am that you took the time to let me conduct this interview.

A. I'd say it's a pleasure, but that would be a lie. Oh, don't take it the wrong way, I'm glad to talk to you, but the subject is really anything but pleasant.

Q. Does it get tiring, being asked about him all of the time?

A. Tiring, what a loaded word. I don't sleep well at night, you know, so I suppose I'm always tired. (laughs) I honestly thought that once I retired, that I would wash my hands of the whole affair, hang it all up, enjoy the countryside, take up a hobby. To just step back and let it all go, to be done with it all. Done with him. And it has not been for lack of trying that I have not, you see?

Q You were his doctor for most of his life. You were associated with him in one way or another since he was six years old. I don't find it hard to believe that anything that anyone invests that many years into can be written off at the drop of a hat.

A. You would be right there. More right than you might know.

Q. So I read a few years back about the lawsuit brought by the victim's families against Smith's Grove. What is your take on that?

A. Well, I argued from the very beginning that Smith's Grove was not the place for him to be. I suggested Litchfield, I brought up the fact that our facility lacked security, and that the staff was not adequately prepared for him. It was argued he was catatonic, and that there was no need for him to be placed in a maximum security facility. My notes were ignored, and they chose to keep him there. You know how that ended.

Q. And then there was the incident almost ten years ago, with the transport from Ridgmont State Penitentiary to Smith's Grove.

A. Again, an example of exactly what I was saying. Unprepared, and resulted in devastating consequences for all involved.

Q. I think I understand what you are getting at.

A. I said it in the beginning at his hearing. I'm saying it now. He should have been taken to Litchfield.

Q. You were also named in the suit, basically blamed by one of the victim's fathers for letting him out. Do you feel that was a fair statement?

A. Well, in a way, no, I don't think it was a fair statement. But I understand why that father was upset. You see, like so many others, he simply didn't understand. I tried my best to keep him locked up and because of the effort I made when no one else was willing to, I was naturally the first to be blamed by people.

Q. You retired shortly after the suit was brought. Was that by choice?

A. I felt that it was for the best. But don't mistake that for me giving up. As I said before, people didn't understand, and that hurt me very badly professionally. I didn't give up though. Not a day has passed since I first met him that I haven't thought about him. How could I? I don't blame that father or the other people either. It wasn't their faults that they didn't understand. That was something I grew quite used to actually, people not understanding.

Q. In your opinion, what was Myers obsession with slaying his family members? He killed one sister, tried to kill another, and his niece is also presumed dead. Why?

A. Oh, it was nothing but pure hatred. As a psychiatrist, I almost wish it was more than that, but after having analyzed him so many times before he escaped, I've become certain that it was nothing more. Hatred and, as you said, obsession. When he killed the first sister, it was just the beginning of what I believe in his mind was a mission to kill any siblings and their offspring. Nothing more than that.

Q. You alluded to the fact that even though you are retired, and have been for some time now, you're still haunted by Myers. Do you think he is still out there?

A. Yes, I do in fact believe that he's still out there. I unloaded my revolver into his chest twice in one night and then blew him up in that hospital, yet he still survived. I know some do believe he either died in that police station or that he's simply died from something else, but I don't believe either of those. He'll never die and he'll never stop. I have seen what I believe to be signs that he's still out there and that he's still active as a killer. I don't have the power to try to stop him again or the reputation to convince others of what I know, but that's something the others will have to deal with when he does resurface. He will resurface.

Q. And finally, here is the question you've probably been waiting for. You've probably been asked this a million times, if not more. I apologize for that, but I must ask. What made Myers what he was? Why did he kill his sister that Halloween night, and then go on to continue to kill dozens more?

A. Well, as I said, I believe it was nothing but hatred and obsession that drove him. As for what made him what he is, not was, it was just evil. His parents were quite normal. I met them of course, when he was first placed under my care. It's a shame, how they died, but I don't believe that affected him in a good or bad way either. Some thought he wasn't even aware of their death, even though he was told. They thought he was catatonic and had no idea about the outside world. But I'm certain he knew and I'm certain he didn't care. He killed his sister because he was evil and he tried to kill the others for that same reason. He is nothing but evil. His eyes, they're the blackest, I'll never forget them. I see them behind his mask every time I think about him.

Q. Is there anything you'd like to add, anything I might have missed? I told you over the phone that I wanted to publish this interview on a website I run. Anything you'd like to say to anyone that might be reading this?

A. Yes, and I'm glad that you'll be sharing this on your website. I don't know much about websites myself, I guess that comes with being an old man. (laughs) But I suppose if there's anything I'd like to say to anyone who might read this, as well as you, Mr. Nedbalek, is that the boogeyman is real and he is Michael Myers. If you're ever unfortunate enough to come across him, and I hope you won't be, know that he is not a man and that if he comes after you, he will not stop. I don't mean that to frighten anyone either, but it's true too. He is dangerous and he doesn't feel things like right and wrong. If I could, I would still pursue him like I used to. I don't blame myself for him getting out, but I do know him better than anyone else does. I hope this interview can help anyone who is able to accept and understand what he is.

Q. Thank you again for your time, Dr. Loomis. It was an honor.

A. You're welcome. I would say it was a pleasure, but when it comes to 'evil', can it ever really be a pleasure?

* * *

><p>Elissa sat there for what seemed like forever, digesting Loomis's words on Myers. It wasn't lost on her that Loomis was an old man now, and certainly not what he had been decades ago. He'd even alluded to being unable and perhaps even unwilling to take Myers on again,

something that made her heart sink a bit as she honestly considered the man to be her last hope at this point.<p>

However, he'd specifically used the word pursue... as in actively pursuing and tracking Myers as he had years before. Surely her situation was a different thing, something that fell more into the lines of protection. Elissa felt that the fire inside Loomis had not grown so dim that he would refuse her help, not given that she was facing the thing he'd spent most of his life trying desperately to contain and protect others from.

Loomis had been willing to sacrifice himself to destroy Michael once before, when he'd ignited the oxygen and ether tanks in the hospital operating room to blow them both to kingdom come. When that had not worked he'd doggedly trailed Michael a decade later, despite suffering from advanced age as well as his own wounds sustained in the hospital fire.

Surely he'd come through again, for her... he had to.

Elissa sat at the computer, searching for the right words, something much harder than she'd envisioned when she'd first formulated her plan. She sat there for what seemed like forever before cautiously beginning to compose her plea to Nedbalek. After an hour of starting and stopping, deleting and replacing words and even entire sentences, Elissa sat back to review before hitting send, praying it would be enough.

* * *

><p>Mr. Nedbalek,<p>

I read your interview with Dr. Samuel Loomis about Michael Myers on your website, haddonfieldhalloweenmurders. I urgently need to contact Dr. Loomis and I really hope that you can help me.

About a week ago, a couple of my friends and I moved into the old Myers place and, well, strange things have been happening since day one. I'm sure that this will sound crazy, but I think he's back. I think I've seen him. But no one believes me and I don't know what else to do about it. I feel like Dr. Loomis would believe me though and if I could speak to him, if I could explain the situation to him, I hope he can at least give me some kind of advice.

I'm really feeling desperate here. I feel like I'm all alone on this. It's me versus him. I see him in my dreams. I constantly look over my shoulder whenever I'm out of the house. I fear for my life. Please help me.

-Elissa Green

* * *

><p>What else could she say? She was aware of how desperate, and perhaps even crazy she probably came across in the email, but in all honesty how could anyone possibly transcribe her feelings of hopelessness and terror any more succinctly? She prayed it would be enough to convince Nedbalek to contact Dr. Loomis.<p>

"That was something I grew quite used to actually, people not

understanding..."

She couldn't help but think of Loomis's words as she pressed send. Loomis had hit the nail dead on the head with that gem. She couldn't agree more with his statement. She had grown used to people not understanding, or believing her. With any luck, that would all change tomorrow.

She shut her laptop down and began to undress for bed hoping that Nedbalek checked his email regularly, and hoping there would be a response in the morning.

She slid into bed, snuggling down under the covers and closed her eyes. While she certainly felt a surge of relief in having been able to make the steps towards alerting Loomis, something else he'd said also stuck with her.

"... the boogeyman is real and he is Michael Myers. ... know that he is not a man and that if he comes after you, he will not stop."

* * *

><p>He stood in her doorway, a location he'd become quite accustomed to as he watched her, the rest of the house quiet except for light snoring coming from Judith's bedroom. He held a photograph in his hand, which he moved his head to gaze down at. The girl in it was his other sister, a smile on her face, indicating a happier time of her life. A time before she even knew she had an older brother. He tilted his head slightly as he continued staring down at the photo, studying it, his grip tightening and slightly bending it.<p>

His trance was suddenly interrupted however when he heard a gasp. Snapping his head to look back up, he saw that Elissa had awakened. He could see that she was squinting, still not fully awake, but when she did realize what she was seeing, she began screaming. Dropping the photo to the floor, he quickly walked away from her doorway, lights in both of the other girl's rooms flicking on. Moments later, Thora and Chance both came running into Elissa's room, turning on the light in there as well. Thora grabbed Elissa by her shoulders and shook her.

"Elissa, wake up!" Thora shouted. "You're just having a bad dream!"

Elissa stopped screaming, but she knew it hadn't been a bad dream.

"He was there!" Elissa responded, pointing a shaky finger at her doorway. "I woke up and Michael Myers was standing there watching me!"

Chance just shook her head, rubbing a hand at her eyes as she yawned.

"It was just a nightmare, Elissa," Chance then calmly said, with a slight amount of frustration in her voice. "I'm surprised you haven't had one before now."

Thora didn't answer, just looking at Chance and then back at Elissa. She couldn't help but think of the dog heart in the refrigerator and

the things she'd seen outside herself. Or what she thought she'd seen anyway. She still wasn't prepared to just hop on board the Michael Myers train with Elissa.

"I wasn't dreaming, god dammit!" Elissa retorted.

Shaking her head again, Chance simply turned around and started to walk away when she saw a white square on the floor with the word 'WANT' scrawled on it in red crayon. Bending down, she picked it up, turning it over in her hands.

"What is it?" Thora asked.

Turning around, Chance had an unexpected look of surprise on her face.

Holding the photo out to show her friends, Elissa in particular, she then said, "She...looks just like you."

Elissa however wasn't surprised at all, by the photo or the word.

The three girls decided to check the doors and windows to make sure that they were still locked, failing to notice the cracked open attic hatch, a sliver of white latex visible through it. The attic as well as the ladder attached to the wall underneath it were located at the top of the stairs between the bathroom and Elissa's room, tucked out of the way from the rest of the house.

Once confirming that the house was still locked up, they headed back to bed, the attic hatch closing the rest of the way as the lights were turned back off.

15. Unknown

He stared down from the grassy hill at the figures moving around the large bonfire underneath the starry, moonlit sky. In the distance, the sound of the cold, salty waves of the ocean rolling into the cliffs could be heard, the smell of sea air flooding his nostrils each time he inhaled. He felt like he was experiencing déjà vu. He'd been there before. Many times before. He wasn't sure when he'd last been there, but he was very familiar with the entire situation.

Slowly, he walked down the hill, along a dirt path lit by torches, their flickering flames illuminating ancient stone structures set into the hillside with an orange glow. Columns, walls, and statues, some containing inscriptions related to the ceremonies and rituals held within that valley, carved out by hands long since dead. As he got closer to the bonfire, he could see that the figures around it, eight in total, were dancing as they circled and chanted. Their language was foreign, yet he could understand every word of what they were saying.

Reaching the end of the path, the figures froze in their tracks and ceased their chanting, though they remained in a circle, turning their heads to look directly at him. He froze too, staring back at them as one of the figures broke away from the circle, slowly approaching him, the hood of the figure's white robe hiding its face

in a shadow. The figure stopped directly in front of him and he continued to stare at it, knowing exactly what was coming next, but waiting patiently anyway. The figure then spoke in a raspy voice, again in that foreign yet not-so foreign language. He understood what he must do.

The figure then stuck a long, pale, bony hand into its robe, pulling out two objects: a colorfully painted wooden mask and a dagger, its pearl handle decorated with small rubies and a silver inlay, the sharp blade shining in the light of the flames. He reached out to take the objects in his own hands, but when he touched them, the figure laid its other hand over his hands, holding them firmly in place, its flesh chilled. Lifting its head slightly, he could see its pale face, its eyes black. They stared at each other for a moment, before it released his hands and returned to the circle, who then continued their dancing and chanting.

Turning around, he slid the mask on over his face, which fit perfectly, before heading back up the hill to the village, the dagger gripped tightly in his hand. At the top of the hill, standing underneath the stone archway which marked the entrance to the ceremonial area behind and below him, he could see the village, not far away, its inhabitants roaming the cobblestone streets, almost all wearing masks similar to the one he'd put on. They were celebrating, yelling, laughing, eating, drinking, their minds far from what was on his mind.

Walking through the small field that separated the village from the ceremonial area, he seamlessly mingled into the crowd on the village's main street. No one noticed him as he silently wove between the party goers in their colorful masks and some also wore equally colorful outfits. Some held metal mugs from which they were drinking alcohol and others held items of food. Vendors lined both sides of the street, their stalls decorated in similar color schemes as the masks and outfits. The scents of roasting meat and baking bread filled the cool night air.

Working his way to the end of the street, he turned onto a smaller, much less busy street. The only other people around on that street were people who'd had a little too much to drink and boys and girls who wanted a little more privacy. He slowly moved past them, still unnoticed, towards an area of houses where the one he was seeking waited, not for him but for her lover.

When he reached the row of houses, he discovered that street to be completely abandoned while the celebration went on and all of the houses appeared to be as well, except her house. Like the rest of the houses, the windows of her house were darkened, but one window wasn't: the one belonging to her bedroom, the glow coming from within easily visible on the empty street. He knew it was her bedroom because he'd been inside it many times before. In fact, he knew the layout of the inside of her house almost as well as he knew his own. That knowledge would undoubtedly benefit him in what he had to soon perform.

Standing on the street in directly in front of her house, he stared, slowly tilting his head as he saw shadows moving within her room. He then stepped into the grass and slowly made his way around the side of the house, peering into each darkened window set into the wooden framed stone walls that he passed, able to make out the outlines of

some objects inside the house. At the back of the house, he quietly pulled open the wooden door and stepped inside, just as quietly shutting the door behind him. He realized that it probably didn't matter that he was quiet though, as he could hear the sounds of her giggling from her room above him. He was pretty sure he knew exactly why she was giggling too.

Moving forward slowly, he was careful to avoid any furniture, eventually making it to the stairs. Stopping and looking up them, he could see the light from her room shining out onto the landing. She was no longer giggling, but instead breathing heavily. Gripping the dagger a little tighter and raising it slightly, he began to climb up the stairs, slowly taking each step one at a time, a couple of them creaking under his feet, though she didn't seem to notice, her breathing instead only getting heavier.

At the top of the stairs, he stopped again and turned to face her doorway. Inside her room, he could clearly see her on her bed, her pale legs spread wide at the edge of the bed as a boy lay between them, thrusting his hips slowly and hard against her, her arms wrapped tightly around his back. Both of their clothes laid strewn about on the floor near the bed. He recognized the boy. He didn't know him by name, but he'd seen him around the village before.

She started moaning as the boy started thrusting faster, both of them clueless to his presence just outside the bedroom's doorway. And they remained clueless as he slowly stepped inside the bedroom, tilting his head at them as the boy continued thrusting into her, her moans only getting louder as her nails dug into his back. Slipping the dagger into a pocket of his clothes, he then moved towards a small table in her room, which a brass lantern sat on. Picking up the lantern in one hand, the shadows in the room, including his, moved and were distorted further, but she and the boy still failed to notice, too distracted in their own little world.

He took several slow and silent steps towards them, until he was right behind them. Grabbing at the lantern with his other hand, he began to raise it high into the air. Her eyes were squeezed shut tight as she moaned more and more, but suddenly, they popped open and it didn't take long before she let out a loud scream at the sight of him standing behind them. Before the boy could turn around, he forcefully swung the lantern downward, making sure the brass met the back of his skull, which it did with a loud crack of metal meeting bone. Letting out a howl of pain, the boy immediately jumped off of her before collapsing to the floor, grasping at the back of his head, his cock still hard, slick and shiny from her juices.

She jumped off of the bed too and just in time, as he then swung the lantern at the boy's head again, breaking the glass of the lantern with the second blow, which caused the boy's to go completely still on the floor and also caught the bed on fire, the whole thing going up in flames in just seconds. Dropping what was left of the lantern to the floor, he then reached down and dragged the boy up in his arms, before throwing his motionless body onto the flaming bed. The smell of burning cloth, soon joined by the smell of burning flesh, filled the air as the flames began to spread up the wooden frame of the wall to the wooden roof.

From the doorway of her bedroom, she let out a scream as the boy's body disappeared into the flames. Snapping his head in her direction,

he tilted his head at her before pulling the dagger back out and approaching her with it raised again. He wasn't sure if she recognized him or not with the mask on. If she did recognize him, she didn't indicate to him that she did. She only screamed again and turned to run away from him as he got closer, the flame engulfed bed he imagined causing him to look like something walking right out of the pits of hell, which he supposed was fitting.

Walking a little faster, he managed to almost catch up with her at the top of the stairs. She saw him though and screamed again, before tripping over her own two feet and tumbling down to the bottom of the stairs, her body landing in a heap on the cold stone floor. He slowly walked down the stairs after her, almost casually, the dagger still in his hand. At the bottom of the stairs, he stood over her body as she began to stir, obviously confused after her fall.

He tilted his head at her again, before crouching down, grabbing her tightly by her hair, and thrusting the dagger into her chest, looking at her face the entire time as her eyes widened and she screamed once more. He retracted the dagger, only to stab her in the chest again and again, her screaming getting softer as blood poured from the multiple wounds in her naked flesh as well as her open mouth. He then stabbed the knife into her left breast, driving the sharp blade of the dagger right into her heart, cutting off her screaming entirely then, her eyes still open but blank. Retracting the dagger one last time, he stared at her motionless and frightened face for a moment longer before releasing her hair, letting her head fall to the floor with a thump.

Standing up and continuing to hold the dagger, blood as red as the rubies on its handle dripping from the tip of the blade, he listened as people began shouting outside, apparently having noticed the fire that he'd started. He was sure that black smoke was pouring into the night sky at that point from the roof.

Pulling open the front door, he took a couple steps outside, stopping in front of the quickly growing crowd of people, not bothering to conceal the dagger from them. At first they seemed confused and then they seemed angered as they began to put together what had occurred for themselves. He didn't fear them though. They were the sheep and he was the wolf.

One of them, a man, approached him, yelling at him now along with the rest of the crowd. He slowly tilted his head at the man as he got closer. When the man was just a couple feet away, he reached out, snatching away the bloodied dagger, scowling. He however remained emotionless behind his mask, not changing that even when the man reached out again to lift up his mask, pulling it away. The crowd got even louder when they saw who he was, moving closer to him.

The girl's parents then suddenly came forward out of the crowd, followed by several other people, rushing past him to enter the house. They were only in the house for a few seconds though when the mother of the girl let out a scream, having discovered the still warm body of her daughter. Soon, they came back outside before the house could burn down on top of them, the girl's father carrying her body, the mother sobbing next to him.

Carrying away their daughter, unaware of the boy upstairs, though it was too late for him anyway, the crowd got even closer, still

yelling, and several more men joined the man in front of him, surrounding him. One of them had a length of rope and they proceeded to grab his arms, tying his hands behind his back, effectively restraining him. He knew what was coming. He'd known before he'd even been handed the mask and dagger. He knew and he felt no sense of fear or worry. He simply didn't care because he knew that nothing they could do to him would be able to stop him.

They began to drag him along and he noticed that some people now had torches and potential weapons such as pitchforks and stones. Moving him back through the village, the festivities having ended due to fire, the crowd followed them to the stone archway. Not stopping, they went down the hill towards the bonfire, which was still burning, but the figures from before had since vanished.

Knocking him down to his knees, the crowd surrounded the bonfire. One of their number had been butchered and they wanted blood for blood. Moments later, several more men brought what resembled a wooden ladder through the crowd, laying it down in front of him. Grabbing at him and moving him to one end of it, they forced him to lay down on top, using more rope to bind him to it.

The man who'd removed his dagger and mask started to yell some more, both at him and at the crowd, before instructing the other men with him to begin lifting the ladder-like structure upright. As they held him up high into the air, giving everyone a good look at him, he noticed the figures from before standing in the background, away from everyone else. They weren't yelling and they weren't holding torches or weapons. They were simply watching, for they'd known what would happen to him too.

A few more moments passed before the men began lowering him and the structure into the fire, slowly, letting him suffer or so they thought. He could feel the tips of the flames burning holes into his clothes and licking at his flesh, but unlike others who'd been put through that ritual, he didn't scream or cry out. He felt his flesh burning more as he was lowered further into the fire, but at the same time, he didn't feel it. He felt the pain, but he didn't acknowledge it.

Soon, he could no longer see the crowd, only the night sky and the hot, glowing flames. Continuing to slowly lower him, they then suddenly dropped him the rest of the way into the fire, the flames consuming him and the upper half of the wooden structure. If only the crowd had been aware of how little their actions had done. They might have burned him, might have even killed him, but they hadn't stopped him. Fire nor death could stop him.

16. Friday, August 30th, Part I

Elissa tossed and turned, sleep eluding her after the events of the night before. Every time her eyelids as much as began to flutter shut she would jerk upright, certain that she'd seen a glimpse of something white, or a tall dark shape slouching out of the shadows. Eventually she gave up on the idea of ever getting to sleep and instead she settled for checking her email obsessively, constantly refreshing to see if by chance Nedbalek was either a night owl or an extremely early riser. Whether or not he was either remained unknown to her however, because other than the usual spam her email account

seemed to attract like flies the message was always the same. No new emails.

Finally after an hour or so of this, Elissa decided she needed to get up and away from the house, if only for a little while. She couldn't sleep anyway, and all she was doing was wearing out the refresh button on her browser, so she closed the laptop and set it on her bed and retrieved the jeans she'd laid over her chair the night before after changing into pajamas. Tugging a sweatshirt over her head, she slipped her sneakers on and truck keys in hand carefully padded downstairs, not wanting to wake Chance or Thora if she could help it.

Apparently she'd been the only one unable to sleep, because she made it all the way downstairs and out the door without either girl as much as peeking out their doors at her. She exited the front door, carefully locking it behind her and testing it to boot before walking briskly through the darkness to her truck. She unlocked it, got in and started it up and began to drive, her destination unknown for the moment.

Truly Elissa didn't care where she was going, as long as it was away from that house, if even for a little while. She needed a chance to breath, and a chance to think. Even as she put the miles between her and the house that photograph with the almost childish crayon-scrawled word taunted her. Chance's stunned expression had said it all, the girl in the photo resembled Elissa to an almost eerie extent.

Sure, there were some superficial differences, the girl's hairstyle was rather dated and Elissa's was woven through with highlights she'd had done just before summer ended. Elissa also thought her lower lip was a bit fuller and her eyebrows seemed shaped a bit differently, with less of an arch than the girl in the photo. However, no matter how closely she had examined the photograph after her friends had retired to their rooms she could not deny that the girl almost freakishly resembled her. With a quick glance, she was almost the spitting image of her.

Other than bearing such a heavy resemble to herself, Elissa also felt the nagging feeling she'd seen the girl in that photo somewhere else before, however she couldn't place where. Fear and lack of sleep proved too cloudy to put her finger on exactly why the girl seemed familiar, and so she instead pushed that aspect of the bizarre incident to the back of her mind and thought about the message written on the back. Besides looking almost haphazardly scrawled, the way an impatient child just learning to write might write his name on a piece of paper in exchange for a cookie the red crayon in particular stood out. Hadn't the promotional calender left on the porch also had red crayon markings on it?

One thing she didn't question about the whole thing though, was the meaning of the word ground so hard into the back to the point the markings were almost visible from the front of the photo.. She knew exactly what it meant, and more importantly she knew exactly who had written it.

Shivering, she stepped on the gas a little harder.

Chance had been right in a way when she'd made that comment about a

nightmare, she thought wryly. Only Elissa's nightmare was very real, made of solid flesh and bone, and again Loomis's words from the interview crawled up her spine.

'He will not stop...'

Elissa could see the lights ahead for Henry's Cafe, and she began to slow down, thinking a cup of coffee sounded pretty good right now. Despite her scare earlier jolting her into a nervous wakefulness, she was in fact tired, and the idea of a hot drink in a public place with no dark corners for a boogeyman to hide in was very appealing. Needing no further convincing she pulled into the parking lot and got out, the early fall chill in the air nipping at her heels encouraging her to step quickly.

She walked in and gravitated to an empty booth just beside the door. Despite the early hour, Henry's was the only 24 hour sit-down restaurant in Haddonfield and as such the place was far from empty, with several patrons enjoying an early breakfast, a late dinner, or simply a slice of pie and a cup of coffee. Henry's was a fairly popular spot for both students up late studying that wanted some comfort food to ease the pains of upcoming exams, as well as some of Haddonfield's older residents who liked to rise absurdly early and have coffee with the rest of the early bird seniors in town.

Not in any particular hurry, Elissa picked up a menu and was contemplating either a slice of lemon chess or maybe one of Betty's Famous Brownies when she had the unmistakable feeling that someone was watching her. No longer thinking about sweets, she slowly lowered the menu and as she did she recognized a familiar face.

Sitting alone in the corner booth facing the door was the old man she'd encountered in the grocery store Saturday afternoon. His eyes were riveted on her, studying her features with a strange intensity that she could feel even from across the room. She set her menu down and met his gaze evenly. He flinched slightly and directed his attention down to his cup of coffee. Elissa set her menu down, watching him silently as he stirred his coffee almost nervously, refusing to look at her now.

She rose from her seat and walked over to the corner booth and without a word sat down across from him. His hand shook almost imperceptibly as she did, and he seemed to draw in on himself a bit as if she were a poisonous snake instead of a young woman. Neither spoke a word for what seemed like forever, the old man doggedly staring down at his cup of coffee and refusing to acknowledge her presence as if hoping she would take the hint and get up and leave.

When it was clear she wasn't going anywhere he took a deep breath and sighed, his shoulder sagging a bit as he looked up from his cup and finally spoke to her, his voice tight.

"I suppose you remember me from the other day," he said quietly, eyes shifting back down to his cup almost as if afraid to look at her now.

"I do, from the store" she replied, wondering why the man seemed to work so hard to avoid her gaze now, as if even looking at her caused him distress. "My name is Elissa."

He looked up then, eyes scanning her face once more with an intensity that made the hair on the back of her neck stand up slightly.

"Victor Franco," he responded slowly, still taking her features in before clearing his throat and looking away briefly, although this time it seemed to be with an air of relief rather than apprehension. Elissa forced a polite smile, feeling slightly uneasy and yet extremely curious about why he was acting so strangely.

She was about to ask him what was the matter when the waitress appeared at the table to top off the old man's cup and inform Elissa of their breakfast special. Almost grateful for the interruption she ordered a cup of coffee and a slice of the lemon chess, while trying to piece together the right words to say to the man sitting across from her. As the waitress smiled and went to fetch her drink she turned back to the man, her smile faltering a little as she carefully began to speak.

"The other day. At the store. You kept staring at me, and said that I... reminded you of somebody." He blinked, his hand starting to shake almost imperceptibly. Elissa bit her lower lip, wondering if she'd come across too bluntly and had her mouth open ready to apologize when Franco nodded sharply.

"I did," He answered, his filmy blue eyes meeting hers somewhat steadily, and again she thought she could see a flash of something like fear in them. "I apologize if I made you feel uncomfortable. But I just couldn't believe my eyes..." He trailed off slightly as the waitress returned to set a thick white ceramic mug of steaming black coffee in front of Elissa, plunking down two creamers alongside of it.

He held his silence almost respectfully until the waitress was away and well out of earshot before taking a shaky sip of coffee. Elissa nervously fiddled with the creamer lid, waiting for him to continue. Finally as if he felt the coast was clear, he continued in a hushed tone, forcing Elissa to lean a little closer to hear him.

"That realtor's daughter, the Strode girl..." Elissa felt a chill run down her spine at that name, one she recognized far too well. Franco took another sip of coffee, hand shaking slightly.

"Laurie Strode," She breathed, as Franco flinched slightly. She bit her tongue, even as the dread began to rise, her mind flashing back to the yellowed newspaper articles, the locket...

The photograph.

"My Jill was there that night, you know?" He said, his voice rising slightly, hand shaking a little harder. "In the hospital. All she ever talked about when she was a girl was that she wanted to be a nurse someday. I worked overtime at the old peanut processing plant and Paula scrimped and patched and made do so we could send her to college, and she made us so proud. So proud..." he echoed, his grip on the cup tightening.

"She only had been out of school a little less than a year. Still worked nights... I always worried about her, and she always laughed

and said 'Daddy, don't be silly, I'll be fine.'" He lowered his head, his shoulders beginning to shake. Despite the fear dancing in her gut, she found herself awash in pity for the old man and reached across the table to lay a comforting hand on his forearm. His head snapped up, and he recoiled, tears visible in his eyes.

"The Strode girl was on her floor that night, that night that monster killed my baby. The papers said he was there for her, that she was his sister..." Elissa drew back slightly, unsure of how to react to the old man's tears when the waitress returned and set the pie in front of her with a clink. She offered more coffee to Franco who shook his head hard, perhaps more at the memories dredged up than at her offer to refill his cup. The waitress drifted away slowly, with a curious look back at the table as Elissa struggled for words.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Franco..." She whispered, as he shook his head again, obviously trying to regain his composure. Elissa sat in silence as the old man gathered himself together, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand, wheezing slightly. After what seemed like an eternity he looked back up at her, and in a somewhat stronger voice he continued.

"It was just too much for Paula. We had tried and tried for a child, and Jill was the only one. The shock of it all, those goddamned reporters, the funeral... I came home from work two weeks after the funeral to an empty house, the good suitcase and all of her clothing gone and only a note left on the kitchen table... Said she just couldn't handle it anymore, and that she was going back to Chicago to be with her sister. Said she was sorry, and wished me well, but she couldn't spend another day in this place and that seeing me hurt her because Jill had my eyes..."

He reached for his ticket already on the table and began to rise, looking towards the door briefly before turning back to her.

"The Strode girl. That monster's sister. You look just like her. And I'm sorry, but I.. I have to go now." He finished with a sigh, squaring his shoulder almost halfheartedly and making his way to the register to pay for his coffee. Elissa watched him go, her coffee going cold and her toast untouched, struck with sympathy for the man who'd lost a daughter to Myers, something she'd slowly come to understand wasn't exactly a rare thing in this town. Perhaps that was why none of the older generation seemed to speak of him at all, it brought forth too many painful memories of lost loved ones.

Elissa waved the waitress over for her check, digging into her pocket and retrieving a five dollar bill and handing it to her before she exited the cafe, digging her keys out of her pocket and making for her truck. The sun was peeking up over the horizon now, and as much as she loathed to return to the house she needed to check her email again to see if Nedbalek had responded. As she drove back to the house she couldn't help but wonder just how many people like Victor Franco there were in this town, people seeking a brief respite from the silence of empty homes, the tears shed over murdered loved ones, and from the memories that haunted them.

* * *

><p>Chance was still asleep and she could hear Thora just starting to stir as she entered her room and went straight for her laptop to

check for any reply from Nedbalek. Her inbox was as empty as it had been when she'd left to her consternation. She stared blankly at the screen, her heart rate beginning to go up at the thought that he might have blown off her email. If that was the case, what could she really do? She'd already tried other avenues of finding Dr. Loomis without success, and Nedbalek really was the only shot she had.<p>

Refusing to dwell further on the possibility, she closed her laptop back up and went to her closet to change for school more out of the desire to keep herself busy than look nice. She only had two classes to go to today, and hopefully by the time she was out around noon she'd come home to a reply. And if not, well... She supposed she'd cross that bridge when it came.

She tugged off her sweatshirt and reached for her light blue v-necked sweater and a nicer pair of jeans deciding to pair them with a cream colored tank. Dressing slowly, she could hear Thora now up out of bed likely doing the same. Elissa briefly considered letting Thora in on her plan to contact Loomis, but decided against it. It was sad, actually. Before the events of this week Thora had always been the one Elissa had talked about things with, and she counted it as something else Myers had managed to take from her. Slipping the sweater over her head, she reached for her brush and began to stroke it through her hair, pausing as she heard a light tap on her door.

"Elissa?" came Thora's hushed voice through the door. "It's me. Can I come in?"

"Yeah, come in" she said, setting the brush down on the dresser and turning back to the door. Thora walked in, already fully dressed aside from still sporting her beat up house slippers.

"You doing okay Elissa?" Thora asked, as Elissa turned to check her hair in her mirror before reaching for her perfume. "I woke up earlier and you were gone."

"I couldn't sleep," Elissa replied, straightening an errant flip of hair. "I just needed to get out of here for a little while." Thora nodded, an understanding look on her face.

"After class, do you want to go out for lunch? I'll be out about 12:15. We could go get a burger or something, and afterward we could go to the mall. Couple of sales going on right now, and I need a new pair of shoes." Elissa considered, unable to deny that Thora's offer was attractive on several levels. It would give her a chance to get out of the house again, and she did love shopping. She supposed she could borrow Thora's phone to check her email too while she was out, since her plan didn't include internet.

"Yeah. Yeah I'd like that a lot." Thora smiled, equally happy to have a chance to go out and spend some time with her friend. She thought the time away from the house would do them both some good actually, as Elissa wasn't the only one that had been feeling the strain on their relationship since moving into the house.

"Want to catch a ride with me up to the school? No sense in both of us driving if we're gonna go out afterward. We could stop for coffee and a donut too, we have plenty of time."

The mention of coffee brought back her conversation with Franco at the cafe, and she flinched slightly. Thora regarded her with a curious look before shrugging it off, not wishing to probe deeper. She was sure it had something to do with the night before, and Thora didn't want to open up that can of worms right now.

"I might pass on the coffee, but I'll come along with you, sure."

"Well then, you about ready to go?"

"Yeah, just let me get my books, and I'll meet you downstairs." Thora nodded, checking her own hair in the mirror quickly before making her way back to her room to retrieve her own bag. Elissa couldn't help but check her email one more time before grabbing her book bag and heading downstairs, not noticing as she passed under the attic hatch that it was cracked open slightly. If she'd looked up she might have even seen the eye peering out at her from the darkness.

17. Friday, August 30th, Part II

Not long after Chance's car pulled away from the house he began to stir from his hiding place. It wasn't too difficult honestly to figure out when the house would be empty with the way they tended to broadcast their whereabouts in casual conversation. He knew Elissa and Thora would be gone for the morning and some of the afternoon, and since Chance had been unknowingly helpful to him by groaning about how she didn't want to be stuck in class practically all morning after silencing her alarm he knew that the house would be empty for at least much of the morning. So he'd waited until he'd heard the last clink of keys and clatter of heels before he decided to come down from the attic.

While he knew the house inside and out like the back of his hand and had prowled through almost daily after the girls had moved in, in a way it never got old to him. Elissa's room was always a point of interest obviously, but the other rooms of the house held their own draws as well.

He had already snooped through Chance's belongings, though not to the extent that he had with Elissa's belongings. The idea of getting that girly stuff out of his room had probably crossed his mind, but he felt no urge to touch her belongings further at that moment as he stared at them on her dresser. Lipsticks, perfumes, jewelry, stuff he'd seen Judith use many times. Stuff he'd seen other girls use many times too. Girls preparing to be with a boy, unaware of his presence and usually not making it to the boy. Usually ending up becoming well-acquainted with his knife or with his hands.

Moving away from the dresser, he stepped over to the window, peering out at the quiet, empty street. Anyone who might have passed by at that moment and happened to peer up at that window, catching a glimpse of his white mask, might run screaming. Even though most residents of Haddonfield liked to pretend that he never existed, they wouldn't dare cross him either. They still feared him and he knew it. Perhaps even took pride in that fact. It had been two decades since his last major killing spree in the town and they were still afraid.

Turning from the window, he headed over to Chance's bed, staring down at it. Though her covers were very different from the cowboy ones he'd had as a kid, her bed itself was almost in the exact same place that his had been all those years ago. In fact, they didn't realize it, but much of their furniture was in almost the same places as his family's furniture had been. That perhaps caused him to feel even more comfortable in his house.

Of course, that room wasn't the only room of the house he had memories of. There was the living room, having spied on Judith and her boyfriend outside through the windows, and not just on that Halloween night in 1963 either. He'd spied on her in more compromising positions too. Like Thora the day before with the cable guy, Judith often let her boyfriend have his way with her on her bed, unintentionally giving him visuals and thoughts little boys weren't supposed to have, especially about their sisters.

Then there was the kitchen, where he'd watched his mother cook for them, his father often reading the paper while she did, sometimes coming up behind her to give her a kiss. Thanks to Judith, he'd had thoughts about what they might do too, but they were better at being secretive about it. Perhaps it was simply because Judith was a horny teenage girl who was desperate to explore her sexuality.

Horny teenage girls. He'd encountered many of those of the years. Laurie's two friends came to mind immediately. Annie Brackett and Lynda Van der Klok. Annie had enjoyed talking about sex and he'd watched Lynda actually having sex. Then there was Laurie herself. Although she wasn't as open to talking about such things as her friends were, it was unlikely that she didn't think about it at least sometimes.

Finally stepping away from the bed, he moved over to the closet, which was partially open, peering inside. Long gone were his toys and clothes that once occupied the closet, replaced with Chance's clothes and something that hadn't been in there when he'd initially gone through her closet: a laptop. He'd found and examined Elissa's laptop a little while before. She'd left it out on her bed, probably intending to use it later, though it appeared to be off and he really didn't know how to use such a device, not that he'd ever had a reason to use one anyway.

Returning to the bed, he proceeded to sit down on the edge of it, though whether he was thinking, waiting, or both was unknown and perhaps best left unknown.

* * *

><p>Chance pulled up in front of the house, smiling broadly. Trig had been canceled and since it was Friday that had been her only class slated for today. She killed the ignition, and practically bounced from the car ready to go inside, change into some nicer clothes and go surprise Rob at work. If she hurried, she could get there before he went on break, and maybe they could go eat lunch together or something and make plans for later that afternoon.<p>

She fished for the key to the front door on her keyring, going over possible outfit choices in her head as she unlocked the door and stepped inside the house. It was quiet, but that was to be expected.

Thora and Elissa were both in class, and she didn't expect either of them to arrive home anytime soon.

Chance started up the stairs, debating on whether whether to go with nice jeans and a cute top or something a little dressier when she heard the squeak of a floorboard coming from one of the bedrooms. She paused on the stairs for a second, listening carefully only to be greeted by silence. Standing there for a long moment listening carefully, she shook her head and scolded herself. While she hadn't forgotten about the incident Thursday evening she also didn't intend to go around jumping at every little noise like Elissa. This was an old house after all, and old houses creaked. It didn't mean anything.

She'd be lying to herself though if she didn't admit to purposely keeping her steps light as she approached the closed door to her bedroom, keeping her ears open for any other strange sounds. Placing her hand on her doorknob, she jumped slightly as the door swung open at her touch, as if the bolt had not quite cleared the strike plate the last time it had been shut. She peered inside carefully, again feeling foolish for being so paranoid. The room was empty, and everything appeared just as she'd left it that morning.

"Get a grip, girl," she said to herself, her voice piercing the silence. "It's an old house. They creak. They shift. Doors swing open." Emboldened by her own words, she entered the room and strode towards her dresser to retrieve the red top she'd settled on when she heard that creaking floor board again, this time right behind her and the sound of the door swinging and clicking shut.

Startled, she spun around only to feel a hand crush down on her throat and shove her backwards into the dresser. The heavy oak rocked with the force of the collision, sending a small snow globe and her shoe-shaped earring caddy to the ground with a crash and clatter. She clawed at the hand, staring up with abject terror into a white, emotionless mask, piercingly dark eyes staring right back at her. Chance began to scream for help, although it was with nowhere near the volume she'd hoped for and only served to cause him to squeeze even harder.

She thrashed wildly as he continued to force her back and down onto the dresser top, the metal spiral of her Entomology notebook poking into her shoulder blades roughly. Still grabbing at his hand, desperately trying to wrench it from her throat she let out a small squeak as he brought his right hand up, clutching a large kitchen knife tightly. Chance made one last choked attempt to scream as he brought it down hard into her right breast with a thud, quickly ripping the blade free to bring it down again, and again into her chest. Bright red began to bloom across the front of her pink shirt as her grip on his hand began to spasm, her eyes squeezed shut and her mouth wide open in a silent scream.

He suddenly let go of her throat only to bring the blade down one last time right above her sternum, and stepped back slightly watching her claw weakly at the handle before she gave a final shudder and what little remaining breath passed through her slack red lips with a gurgle. Surveying his handiwork for a moment, he watched as her legs become limp and started to slide beneath her, sending her upper body slowly sliding from the dresser top to crumple in a heap on the floor.

If there had been anyone walking past the house at that moment they would have thought nothing at all amiss. Had someone chosen to walk inside even five minutes later they would have heard nothing but silence, having already missed the sound of Chance's door clicking shut, and a small thud issuing from the attic.

* * *

><p>Shopping with Thora had been exactly what Elissa needed after the past week. It seemed silly that something as trivial as scouring the clearance racks of several stores and then taking a break for a burger and shake could somehow dampen the horror of the last few days, but a dose of retail therapy had proven to be just the thing to take her mind off of it if only for a few hours. Thora had found her shoes a few stores back, but they'd continued to window shop and try on a few things, and Thora had talked her into a pretty turquoise camisole and a deeply discounted pair of beaded sandals.<p>

"So should I call him tonight? Would that be coming on too strong? Seriously, help me out here, Elissa." Thora giggled as they sat down and unwrapped their burgers. Elissa couldn't help but smile, on the ride over Thora had spilled the beans about her fun with the cable guy and she couldn't really blame her for it. Thora hadn't really seen anyone since she'd broken up with Alex close to a month ago, and while she was over him for the most part it was still nice to see Thora getting excited about a guy again.

"That's up to you, really. I don't think it would be too much. It's Friday, and maybe you guys to go see a movie or something. Something easy, you know? No pressure." Elissa replied, taking a bite of her burger. Thora thought about it for a second, chewing thoughtfully.

"I don't want him to think I'm trying to move in on him too fast though. Like I'm desperate or something. I definitely don't want to run him off, especially not after that little preview the other day." Thora smirked, a wicked gleam in her eye. Elissa snickered in return, taking a long draw of her shake.

"I know, you told me all about it. Several times." Thora shrugged, and dumped her fries out on her tray, and reached for the ketchup.

"You'd be telling me all about it if had been you up there, and you know it. Seriously, the guy is freaking amazing in the sack. Freaking. Amazing."

"Okay, I believe you! Tell you what, why don't you wait and see if he calls you? That way you won't worry about running him off or whatever. If he calls, he's obviously interested."

"Do you think he'll call? They always say they will, but you know how guys are. Oh and before I forget, Chance's birthday is coming up in a couple weeks. Any ideas about what to get her?" Thora reached for a fry, dabbing at the ketchup she'd squirted onto her tray liner. While she'd for the most part tried to put everything to the back of her mind and enjoy this much needed distraction, the mention of gifts sent a chill up Elissa's spine. What might be waiting for her in her room when she returned to the house? Another bizarre trinket, or

something worse?

"I hadn't really thought about it," she replied, taking a long slow sip of her shake. The cold sweetness was welcome, and she forced herself to take a breath and let it go, if just for another hour or two. She'd already checked her email three times via Thora's phone, and there had been no reply from Nedbalek. What more could she do for the moment?

"I was thinking maybe we could both chip in on something nice for her. I know Rob was hinting about getting her the new iPhone, but I do know she mentioned the other day she needed a new flat iron. If we went in together on it, we could get her a really nice one. What do you think?" Thora continued, dipping another fry.

"That sounds pretty good, actually. Which one were you thinking about getting her?"

"There was a really nice CHI over at Beauty Bargain. We could both put thirty in and get that for her." Thora said, wadding up her burger wrapping, and finishing the last of her fries. "Want to go get it while it's on sale and we can hide it somewhere until her birthday?"

"Sure," Elissa finished her shake, and picked up her shopping bag while Thora took the tray over to the trash receptacle. "We can put it up in my closet in my overnight bag. She wouldn't look there."

"That's a good idea. Even if she went in there looking to borrow something, she wouldn't find it." Thora returned and collected her bag, only to hear her phone go off. She looked at the screen and practically squealed in delight. "Speak of the devil! It's Todd, and he wants to know if I'd want to go out to Oasis later tonight! Oh god, I think I want to go back and get that dress I was looking at, it would be perfect!"

"Well text him back, and let's go get it. I might take a second look at those earrings I saw there, too. Then we can go over to Beauty Bargain and get Chance's flat iron, and we can just put it in with the rest of our stuff if she's home, and she won't see it."

"Okay, okay, I texted him back. Can I borrow that pinky-beige nail polish from you? I think it would look nice, and those shoes are peep toes... pleeeeeease?"

"Yeah, of course you can. I'll have to look for it though, I think it's in my room somewhere." Elissa picked up her own bag, and followed an ecstatic Thora out. She wasn't too worried about checking her email again, they'd be home soon enough and the way Thora was tapping like mad at her screen Elissa figured it would be a little while before she was done with it anyway.

18. Friday, August 30th, Part III

When the girls finally made it home from their shopping excursion, they noticed Chance's car parked out front. Shrugging, Elissa took the flat iron box and folded the bag around it before sticking it in with Thora's bags.

"Wait, what if she asks to see what we got, Elissa?" Thora said, looking up from her phone. She'd been texting Todd off and on for the last hour, snickering and even blushing deeply at some of the messages she'd received. Elissa had managed to persuade her to put it down while she was driving, but the second they pulled in front of the house she had gone right back to her phone flirtation.

"I know. You take the bag, and tell her you've got to use the bathroom and that you've been holding it since Shamrock's. Run in there, and stash it up in that high cabinet. Then I'll go in after you, grab it and take it to my room to hide it. I think that will work."

"Sounds good to me," Thora said, ripping her attention from the latest no doubt tawdry message she'd received, and reaching out for her bag. Elissa held onto the rest, all the better to distract Chance with while Thora hid the flat iron.

Feeling almost like they were starring in an old spy movie, they stealthfully made their way up to the front door. Thora slid her key into the lock deftly, and turned the knob slowly before inching the door open to see if Chance was anywhere in sight. Maybe she wouldn't have to make a mad dash for the bathroom if Chance didn't come out right away.

The house was quiet, sounding for all the world unoccupied. Chance was nowhere in sight, or earshot for that matter. Elissa strained for the sound of a television or perhaps Chance talking on her phone, but there was nothing but silence.

Thora entered and took off for the bathroom, Elissa following close after. Shutting and locking the door behind her, she waited until she heard the bathroom door click closed before she called out for Chance.

"Chance? Hey, Chance? You here?" Elissa walked over to the couch to set down the rest of the shopping bags, listening for any response from Chance. There was none. In fact, the house seemed even more quiet than it had before she called out until the squeaking of a cabinet door in the bathroom cut through the silence.

Elissa was about to check Chance's room when the slightly open door to Libby's old bedroom caught her eye. She was sure that door had been closed when they left that morning, in fact they'd kept the door closed ever since Libby had left in a huff earlier that week. Was it possible Libby had come back to the house and picked up the rest of her stuff while the house was empty?

Thinking back to the day before and the incident with Libby's car, she couldn't help but be curious. Had Libby been trying to figure out everyone's schedule so she'd know if the house was empty, wanting to slink in and grab her stuff uninterrupted?

She walked over, and peeked inside. Libby's room was a ransacked mess. The drawers of her dresser had all been pulled halfway open, in addition to the drawer of her nightstand. Muddy footprints streaked the hardwood floor, and the small rug she had in front of her bed was caked with even more mud. It looked more as if someone had entered the room with the intent of rifling through her things than to pack

any of it up and haul it off. The furniture all remained, and other than her jewelry box and makeup bin nothing seemed to be missing at. Her closet door was wide open as well, empty save a few shirts dangling forlornly from their hangers, and most of her shoes missing from the organizer she'd hung on the door.

"Hey, what are you doing?" Elissa jumped, spinning around to find Thora craning her neck to see into the room. Elissa sighed in relief, before stepping in and allowing Thora to see the wreck that was Libby's bedroom. Thora's eyes widened as she took in the scene, before her eyebrows lowered in annoyance.

"Typical Libby bullshit," Thora said, groaning as she saw the scratches in the floor over by the dresser, mentally calculating how much was going to come out of the security deposit for that. "I guess she decided to make a mess for us to have to clean up as revenge for kicking her out. The least she could have done was taken her furniture with her. It would've saved us the trouble of having to drag it out to the curb Monday."

Elissa continued to survey the mess, as Thora groaned again, obviously pissed at the thought of having to lug all that heavy furniture out to the curb. Libby's dresser alone was one of those solid oak jobs that weighed a ton, and the rest wouldn't be easy either.

"Has Chance seen this yet? What did she say?" Thora asked, shaking her head in disbelief before exiting the room, Elissa behind her. Elissa pulled the door closed behind them, and shook her head.

"I don't think she's here. I was about to go up to her room, when I saw the Libby's door opened and looked in." Elissa answered. Thora rolled her eyes, now feeling a bit silly for trying to hum the Mission Impossible theme under her breath as she'd stashed Chance's gift into the cabinet for Elissa to retrieve.

"Well, so much for that then. She'd be down here by now if she were here. She probably had Rob pick her up after she got home from Trig."

Elissa nodded in agreement, although she still couldn't shake the feeling something was amiss. Thora made a good point though, and Elissa knew that Chance had driven to school that day. She'd likely come home, and Rob had come by to take her out for the evening.

"Well, when we see Chance, maybe we can get her to convince Rob to come over and help us. It would go a lot quicker too, than if we try to haul it out. Maybe I'll even ask Todd if he'd give us a hand. You know, his arms are freaking solid. I think he works out. Maybe we could work out again after we drag this crap out to the curb..."

"You haven't even gotten ready for your first night out with him, and here you are planning the second." Elissa couldn't help but tease, before starting up the stairs to check her email.

"Hey, I like to think ahead!" Thora stuck her tongue out before walking over to the couch to collect the rest of her bags. "Are you going to need the bathroom anytime soon? Cause I'd like to take a

shower and wash my hair before I start getting ready."

"Nah. I went before we left Beauty Bargain. It's all yours." Thora thanked her, and Elissa quickened her steps as she made her way to her room. She flipped the laptop open, and to her dismay, the screen was dark. Her eyes darted down to the charger cord, which was still connected although the charge indicator light was off. Pressing the button to power on the computer hopefully, she waited a few seconds only to be faced with the same blankness.

"Shit." she hissed, pressing it again, her heart pounding. The last thing she needed was to have her computer die on her, especially now. It hadn't been holding a charge very well lately, and her parents had mentioned getting her a new one for her birthday in a couple of month so she hadn't bothered to plunk down the sixty dollars a new battery would cost.

Grabbing the cord, she traced it back to the wall, and to her disbelief it had been unplugged. She dropped the cord, and stood there for a long moment wondering how the hell it had come unplugged. There was nothing over there that could have knocked the plug loose, and she was certain the computer had been charging when she left that morning. Had Libby come up here and unplugged before she'd left? No, that made no sense. Why would she unplug the charger to get a dig in at Elissa? It would have been more her style to steal a piece of jewelry or something else small that would not be missed immediately.

No, it had to have somehow come loose, she reasoned, even though a possible answer began to worm it's way into her brain. Shaking her head to rid herself of the disturbing possibilities, she quickly plugged the cord back in and was relieved to see the charging indicator light blaze a reassuring green before flickering to yellow. It would be a few minutes before she could turn the laptop back on, however since the battery had become so sluggish.

She took the time to look around her room, dreading the idea of coming across any other surprises, but to her shock nothing else appeared to be disturbed or touched at all. No strange old fashioned hairbrushes or necklaces sat on her dresser, no photos or old smeary news clippings lay on the floor. Her keys were right where she'd left them that morning, and the bed didn't seem anymore disheveled than usual. In short, the room looked just as she'd left it.

She felt a small sense of relief, deep down she had been expecting some strange token to greet her after her day away from the house. To her delight there seemed to be nothing at all. Perhaps he had gotten tired of tormenting her in that manner. Again that small voice inside of her spoke up, wondering if perhaps he was preparing something else for her even at that very moment, and she jammed the power button on as she struggled to ignore it.

The laptop came on, and after slowly waking up from it's power deprived slumber, Elissa logged into her email. Her heart leapt as the name Nedbalek practically jumped off the screen at her. Finally he had replied, and hopefully he had even already contacted Loomis on her behalf. She quickly clicked on the message, and leaned in a little closer to see what advice Nedbalek had to offer her.

><p>Nedbalek, Steve (stevenedbalek)
to: Elissa Green (egreen1194)

>RE: URGENT- contact info for Dr. Sam Loomis<p>

Miss Green,

I don't usually respond to emails like this. I've received dozens over the years, and I generally delete them as they come. The Myers case is undoubtedly infamous, and as such draws plenty of attention from the public.

Ms. Green, if I had a dime for every email I've received from somebody claiming to have seen Michael Myers I'd retire a wealthy man. Even if I had one for every person who claims that Myers is stalking them I'd still have a much nicer stock portfolio. If I had even a single cent for everyone that claimed to have moved into 45 Lampkin Lane, I could purchase the domain of a popular fiction site that is rife with stories based on the Haddonfield incidents. This case just seems to bring all sorts of... interesting characters out of the woodwork.

Please forgive me for taking your assertion that you live at the old Myers house with a very large grain of salt, because that house has sat empty for decades. It has consistently failed to sell since it was first put on the market, and instead has been passed down as a sort of macabre heirloom, a sort of white elephant that no one really wishes to own. I think at one point tearing it down was being seriously discussed.

That said, Ms. Green let me address your query regarding Dr. Sam Loomis. Unfortunately he suffered a fatal stroke in March of 1999, about six months after I interviewed him. If you'd delved around the site archives a little more thoroughly, you would have seen that I had posted about his passing. As you can surely understand, providing any contact information for him would be a moot point.

Regards,
>Steve Nedbalek<p>

* * *

><p>Elissa stared at the screen numbly, reading the email over and over again, as if the words on the screen in front of her would somehow change. Of course they didn't and all Elissa could think of were the words of Dr. Loomis. 'He'll never die and he'll never stop'.<p>

* * *

><p>Thora sat in front of the vanity in her room, looking in the mirror as she brushed her hair, her makeup already applied for her evening out with Todd, though she still needed to use Elissa's nail polish. Like Elissa, she was lost in her thoughts, though her thoughts were much happier in subject: Todd. Todd and his, well, cock. The way he'd thoroughly rammed her holes with his cock. She could feel a small amount of wetness forming between her legs at those thoughts and while she really didn't want to come off as desperate to him, she couldn't deny that she was looking forward to him taking her like that again.<p>

As she continued brushing, looking outside the window next to her where a dog barking, she began to sing softly to herself.

"I wish I had you all alone," she sang, "just the two of us."

She trailed off as she set down her brush and checked herself in the mirror again, when she then suddenly saw a figure approaching, but it was too late, for all she had time to do was spin around.

Reaching out with his free hand, he grabbed at her throat tightly, squeezing it, cutting off her air, careful to not slam her back into the wall or her vanity, and preventing her from letting out any sounds. With the knife gripped tightly in his other hand, he thrust the blade hard into her gut, dragging it up slowly, the sharp metal ripping through her flesh and organs. Staring up at him with wide eyes, which started to tear up from both the pain and not being able to breath, he ripped the knife from her abdomen, sending a splash of blood flying, more blood dripping profusely from her wound to the wooden floor.

He then raised the knife high into the air and in those few seconds she had left in her life, she realized that Elissa was right. Michael Myers was indeed back and her only regret was that she and Chance hadn't believed Elissa from the start. He then slammed the knife down onto her face, the tip of it piercing her eye, easily cutting through it, the force of his stab ramming it deep into her skull, her other eye remaining wide open as the last of her life left her body.

Working the knife out of her skull, still holding onto her throat, he gently laid her body down onto the floor. Now it was just him and Elissa. It was her time, a time he'd undoubtedly been looking forward to ever since she and her friends had moved into his house. He stared down at her body silently for a moment, tilting his head slightly as he stared, before putting his knife away and reaching down to grab one of her arms and one of her legs, dragging her body in one fluid motion, leaving behind a large smear of blood.

* * *

><p>Despite how down she felt after reading Nedbalek's reply, Elissa remembered that Thora wanted to borrow her nail polish and decided to go ahead and take it to her, knowing that Thora would be heading out soon. Grabbing the bottle of pinky-beige, Elissa knocked before opening the door connecting to Thora's room, her jaw dropping as she entered the bedroom and saw the blood smear.<p>

Her heart racing, she said, "Thora? Are you okay?"

Of course, there was no response and that was all it took for Elissa to take action. She needed to get far away from the house first and then call the cops. Hearing someone climbing up the stairs though, having a feeling that she knew who it was too, she quickly moved towards Thora's bed, carefully avoiding the blood near the bed, before laying down and crawling under the bed.

It took all her willpower to keep from screaming out in terror at what she found under the bed: Thora's body, one of her eyes, which was severely mutilated, hanging out of its socket, blood oozing from

the socket, her other eye and mouth open in terror. Covering her own mouth with her own hand, just in case, she stared at her dead friend as she heard someone enter the room, their heavy footsteps slowly crossing the wooden floor and stopping for a moment before turning around and walking back out.

Waiting a moment longer, just in case they returned, she then crawled back out from under the bed, scrambling to her feet. Moving over to Thora's bedroom door and peeking out, she saw no sign of the figure. She then backtracked and headed for the other door that led back to her own room, entering and grabbing her keys from her dresser.

Checking again that the hallway was clear, she then quickly but lightly stepped out into the hallway and moved over to the stairs, about to head downstairs when she saw him just heading into the living room, letting out a gasp at the sight of him, which he heard and spun around, staring at her. Her fears were finally confirmed without any uncertainty.

Spinning around herself, she quickly looked around as she heard Michael Myers begin to slowly walk again. The bedrooms and bathroom seemed like too obvious of choices as places to hide from him, but then she spotted the attic. She nor her roommates had been up there since they moved in, but hopefully it would provide an adequate place to hide from him.

Approaching the ladder, she climbed up it as fast as she could, lifting the hatch and squeezing between it before letting it close again as quietly as she could possibly manage. She then moved over to a stack of old cardboard boxes, ducking behind them and having to force herself to not scream again when she discovered Chance's body, her eyes and mouth also open, her flesh and clothes coated in dried blood.

There was no time to mourn her friends though and she kept that in mind when she heard the attic hatch slam open. Peeking between two of the boxes, her hand still over her mouth, and she saw him climb into the attic, standing near the hatch as he scanned the room for her, his emotionless, white mask causing him to seem more like a robot than a person. She saw a kitchen knife in one of his hands and she was certain the blade had her name on it.

She couldn't help but let out a sigh of relief though when he suddenly climbed back down the ladder, leaving the hatch open, and she heard him walking away, though she wasn't sure where exactly. Waiting a moment longer again, she then crept out from behind the boxes, cautiously approaching the hatch and looking down into the hallway. It seemed clear, so she climbed down, glancing around when she was back on the floor.

Listening for any sign of footsteps, she then peeked over the railing, not seeing him anywhere in or near the front hall either. It seemed like that was her chance to escape, so she broke out into a run, rushing down the steps and bolting for the front door. Trying to open the door, she remembered that it was locked and fumbled for the locks before throwing the door wide open, running out into the front yard, moving across the grass with her bare feet to her truck.

Elissa again didn't get far though because when she pulled open the driver's door of her truck. She found Libby's corpse laid across the seat, her limp head falling and hanging upside-down out of the truck when the door was opened, staring up at Elissa with cloudy eyes. Screaming out loud this time, she was quickly silenced when Michael came up behind her, slamming her head into the hard, metal side of the truck, knocking her out, her body collapsing to the ground.

Staring down again, he then closed her truck door, once again hiding Libby's body, before scooping Elissa up with both of his arms and carrying her back into the house before she could wake up.

19. Friday, August 30th, Part IV

Kicking the front door shut behind himself, Michael carried Elissa slowly up the stairs, holding her limp, unconscious body strongly in his arms. The stairs creaked underneath his feet as he moved, turning at the top of the stairs and heading down the hallway to Thora's bedroom. Entering the bedroom, he stepped towards the bed and dropped her onto it, her body hitting the mattress hard, bouncing a little.

Staring down at her body, he then turned around and walked back into the hallway, going across into Chance's bedroom, returning a few moments later with a couple pieces of rope. Setting the rope down on the foot of the bed, he reached into his jumpsuit, removing the handcuffs he'd taken from Lonnie after murdering him. Flipping Elissa's body over, he cuffed her hands behind her back, tugging at them slightly after to make sure they were tight and secure.

Rolling her body back over, Michael then picked up one of the pieces of rope and tied one end of it tightly to her ankle before pulling her leg wide open and tying the other end just as tightly to the bedpost closest to her leg. He then did the same with her other leg, leaving her very exposed to him, the only thing between them now being their clothes. He stared down at her again, tilting his head slowly from side to side, almost seeming to observe her.

Elissa's limbs were limp, and easy to arrange in a suitable manner. While still unconscious it looked as if she might be beginning to stir a bit, groaning low in her throat and twitching a little as he finished securing the ropes around her ankles to the posts. Blood oozed from the gash in her forehead where she'd struck the truck, tricking back into her hair, the tickling sensation drawing another twitch from the slowly stirring girl.

He didn't have to wait long, for soon enough her eyes began to slit open, groaning again a little louder this time. Still dazed from the run in with the side of her truck Elissa struggled to focus, her vision blurry, and the pain in her skull beginning to bloom. She could make out something white in the field of her vision, and she stiffened, struggling to get up and off the bed, and meeting the resistance of the ropes that tethered her to the bed posts. She squirmed harder, and realized her hands had been secured behind her back, with what felt like a pair of cold metal bands. Her vision began to clear despite her panic, and when she saw him she began to scream and thrash around even harder, desperately trying to free herself.

Still staring down, he then stepped closer after she got a good look at him, really the best look she'd gotten of him ever since he'd begun stalking her. Reaching down, Michael suddenly grabbed Elissa's throat tightly, not enough to completely cut off her air but enough to cut off most of it, flexing his fingers at her flesh, ragged noises escaping from her open mouth as she tried to suck in air. Keeping his eyes on her, he then reached into his jumpsuit again, this time removing a pair of big, old-looking scissors.

He held the scissors up in the air with one hand, opening them slowly before snapping them shut, the light in the room shining off of the metal of the blades. Bending over to get closer to her, pushing at her throat slightly as he put some weight on it, he then opened the scissors again, just slightly that time, carefully sticking the tips of both blades up her nose, his hand steady as he kept the scissors in place, moving his face closer to hers.

Elissa froze as the cold, sharp metal pressed threateningly against her nostrils. Slamming her eyes shut she whimpered softly, waiting for him to either jam them up into her brain, or close the slightly parted blades and snip right through the flesh and cartilage. Her heart raced, and she began to hyperventilate, despite her best efforts to remain still.

Almost as if Michael could read her mind, he did close scissors slightly, not enough to cut through the center of her nose, but enough to pinch at it. Holding them in place again for a moment longer, he then opened them again, opening them wider, the outer, flat side of the blades stretching open her nose before he slowly and firmly pulling them back out of her nose. Keeping them open, he moved away from her face again, moving down her body slightly, and releasing her throat.

Placing the open scissors at the bottom of Elissa's shirt, he slowly began to cut upward, the sharp, gleaming blades easily slicing through the cloth. He watched her face as he cut, the cold blades bumping against her skin each time he opened the scissors, getting more twitches out of her. He didn't stop cutting until he reached the collar of her shirt, cutting through it too. Keeping blades closed, he then pushing aside the two front halves of her shirt, revealing her breasts, concealed in their bra, and her stomach.

She winced as she felt the cold air hit her exposed skin, and dread filled her as she slowly realized what he was intending to do with her, sending her into another frenzy of futile kicking and thrashing forgetting all about the dangerously sharp scissors still very near her skin. While the knots at the bedpost held true, Elissa somehow managed to flip herself over onto her stomach and did the best she could to try to squirm away from him without the aid of her hands or even elbows. Of course her violent struggling did absolutely nothing other than shift the bed slightly away from the wall, and to her horror she found herself staring down at Thora's mutilated eye for the second time that evening. Elissa began to scream again, her cries somewhat muffled by the mattress below her face, as she thrashed even harder.

He continued staring at her, letting her suffer for a moment as she got more acquainted with Thora's corpse. It seemed like a fitting punishment in a way. She had interrupted and inconvenienced him by

struggling and flipping herself over and now she got to suffer through what she'd brought upon herself. Reaching with his free hand, he then grabbing her tightly by her brown hair, pulling at it hard, and flipping her back over.

Still holding onto her hair tightly, pulling the back of her head up some from the mattress, he brought the scissors back up to her face, touching the tip of the closed blades to her lips, poking lightly at them, before moving the scissors down again and snipping open her bra too, the two halves springing open, mostly removing themselves from her breasts. Opening the scissors slightly again, he put her left nipple in the opening as he yanked her hair again, turning his attention from her face to her breast, tilting his head again.

Those scissors coming back up towards her face aimed at her mouth had quickly silenced Elissa's hysterical screaming. The pain in her head pulsed angrily as he yanked her hair and it was all she could do to watch him with wide terrified eyes as the scissors aligned precariously with her nipple. A whimper again escaped her lips as her mind raced, trying desperately to figure a way out of this horrifying situation.

She didn't dare try to wriggle away again, not with those scissors poised purposely to snip off that pink ridge of flesh, and she already knew that the cuffs securing her wrists were near impossible to escape from. He'd cinched them tight, so tight in fact that combined with her prone position she was beginning to feel the pin-pricking sensation of her hands losing circulation. The ropes seemed strong as well, and the knots well formed and unlikely to slip. She dared to look up at him, chest heaving as she fought to control her breathing and hopefully eliminate any slip of the hand on his part. But even she realized she was fooling herself there, his hands were frighteningly steady, and she knew if he did carve the blades down into her breast it would be entirely on purpose.

Squeezing at her nipple with the blades of the scissors, much like he'd done with her nose only moments before, he then released her nipple, lifting and closing them before bringing them back down, poking at her breast lightly with the tip, pushing down to dent her flesh and then letting it pop back up, doing that several times, still looking at her breasts instead of her face. Moving the scissors to her other breast, he did the same to it, tilting his head slowly to the other side, before bringing his free hand to her left breast, squeezing it in his palm, softly at first, squeezing several times, and then harder, flexing his hand against her warm flesh.

Suddenly letting go of her breast and pulling back the scissors too, he peered down to her pants. Moving further down her body, he then looking back up at her face before slowly sliding the scissors into her waistband, the blades still closed, tilting and pressing them down against her to ensure that she could feel the metal with her slit through her panties.

Elissa cringed as the closed blades traveled steadily into her pants, the metal cold and sharp against her most sensitive area. She didn't dare move or speak however, she knew that in less than a second he could either jam them home, truly and literally fucking her, or he could open them and snap them brutally back into their original position. She could do nothing but watch, and feel the heat come to

her cheeks both terrified and humiliated to be laid out on the bed almost naked before him.

Keeping the scissors pressed inside Elissa's panties a moment longer before slowly sliding them back out, like a sword from its sheath, Michael opened them and stuck one blade back into her waistband, beginning to cut into her pants in a similar manner to how he'd cut her shirt. First cutting down the center of her pants, the blades again easily slicing through, and then down each leg, he'd soon mutilated her pants enough so that he reach down and pull most of the cloth free.

Looking down at her exposed legs and panties, he then touched the tip of the blade to the front of her panties, again poking lightly at her, like she was some kind of science experiment for him. In a way, maybe she really was. Some kids liked to capture insects or frogs and toy with them. Perhaps he viewed her as an insect or a frog. She swallowed hard at that thought, feeling like she might throw up if she thought too much about it. She noticed him looking up at her face again as he poked away at her pussy.

Her heart raced as he continued to poke at her, the thin blue cotton being the only thing between him and those scissors and her bare flesh. Struggling definitely wasn't an option however, and yet she couldn't stand any more of this. To her surprise, she found herself doing something that even seemed ridiculous to her. Pleading with him.

"Please..." She blurted out, her voice thin and tight. "Please, please don't do this. Let me go, Michael. Don't do it... please, please just stop. Please just let me go, I'll leave, and you can have your house all to yourself. I'll never come back. I won't say a word. Just please, please PLEASE!"

As Elissa plead to save herself from further humiliation than she already felt, being so exposed to him, and also, she hoped, to save her life, he continued to simply stare at her face, the scissors still on the front of her panties. Michael then suddenly lifted them, opened them again, and proceeded to cut down the center of her panties and then around her legs to free the cloth entirely.

Reaching down, he easily tore away what was left of her panties and dropped them to the floor, completely exposing her crotch. He brushed his fingers through her tuft of brown pubic hair before pulling lightly at them. To her complete horror, he then moved the still slightly open scissors towards her clit, carefully sliding the opening onto her clit, much like he'd done her nipple moments before, not squeezing, but pushing the blades against her enough so that she could feel the metal very well.

Elissa sobbed, both in fear and utter humiliation. She shook beneath the scissors, the ropes restraining her probably more of a blessing at this point, keeping her somewhat steady even as she trembled. Her cries had fallen on deaf ears, but still, she continued to try to plead with him, not seeing anything else whatsoever she could possibly do.

"Michael, I know why you left all that stuff in my room..." She tried again, her voice shaky and breathless as the scissors pressed a

little harder against her clit. "The picture, the necklace, all of it. You left it because I look like her. Michael, please let me go. I'm not her. I'm not.." Elissa whimpered desperately, trying to find the words to make him see and stop all of this.

Tilting his head slowly again at her sobbing and further pleading, he slowly removed the blades of the scissors from her clit and, very surprisingly, stuck his hand back into his jumpsuit to put the scissors away. Had her pleading, begging, actually worked? Was he done tormenting her? She quickly found out that he wasn't when he reached back for her clit, lightly flicking at the nub, just once, watching her carefully, perhaps trying to study her reaction.

Elissa froze as he touched her, the color draining from her face. She really wasn't sure if her words had caused him to put the scissors away and do this instead, or if he was simply toying with her. Revulsion filled her mind as she considered what the implication might be if that had been the cause of this change in behavior. She closed her eyes, not saying a word or moving or acknowledging him in any way. Drawing in a long, shuddering breath she prayed fervently that he wouldn't continue.

Undeterred by her negative reaction, he flicked again and again at her nub, flicking a little faster and a little harder each time, still staring at her face even though her eyes remained shut. With his other hand, he slowly moved it towards her pussy too and suddenly shoved a finger into her slit, fast and hard, wiggling and poking his unwelcome digit around, exploring her warm pussy.

As he explored the inside of her slit, he continued flicking away at her clit, almost as if he was determined to get a reaction out of her, no matter what it took. It only showed how inhumanly patient he could be when he wanted something. How he could wait an extraordinary long amount of time if only to see someone else suffer in the end. To him, that kind of pay off was well worth the wait.

She squeezed her eyes tighter, biting back a cry as the pain in her head pounded harder. She'd been holding her breath without realizing it, and it had caused the pain to flare. Keeping her eyes screwed tight she still tried to ignore what he was doing and pretend she was somewhere else. However her possum act wasn't doing anything to dissuade him. He wasn't letting up at all, and was in fact pushing more and more. She groaned, biting her lip and tried even harder to pretend that this wasn't happening to her, but it was getting difficult to ignore now.

Michael seemed to realize that it was becoming difficult for her, seeing how she bit her lip after she groaned, and it caused him to start flicking at her clit even faster and harder, his finger shoved in her slit poking and wiggling around just as fast and hard, starting to pump his finger in and out of her pussy a bit too.

He seemed to have some idea of what would happen if he kept that up, having certainly witnessed sexual acts between horny teens enough times over the years. Her mind might have been unwilling, but there was only so much she could control. He didn't however seem to notice the small but very noticeable bulge that had started forming at the crotch of his jumpsuit, only getting bigger as he continued toying with her pussy.

Elissa couldn't help but let another small groan escape her lips as he continued to play with her. To her utter mortification, she could feel a little bit of dampness forming between her legs, and that was something else she didn't want to even think about. The fact that while it was unwelcome and she didn't want any part of it her body was slowly starting to respond to all this attention. She again thought about what she'd said to him prior to this, and her stomach twisted as she understood.

What could she do now? She'd apparently sweet talked him out of menacing her with the scissors, but it had backfired on her epically. Elissa chinked an eye open to steal a quick look at him, to see if he was beginning to show any signs of becoming bored with this only to see the intent look in his eye that told her he knew exactly what he was doing, and wasn't going to stop. Her eyes flicked down his suit, and when she saw it she slammed them shut again, shaking her head futilely.

He quite obviously saw her pop her eye open, slowly tilting his head yet again as she did. Also obviously feeling her growing wetness, he retracted his lone finger from her slit only to jam in a second finger, continuing to poke and wiggle them, pressing his hand against her to get his fingers even deeper, exploring her pussy further.

Continuing to flick away at her clit, he apparently decided that he'd done enough exploring, suddenly curling his fingers upward, thrusting them in sync with the flicking, almost making some kind of game out of it. In his mind, perhaps that's exactly what it was: a game. Sort of like Hungry Hungry Hippos, but instead of four colorful, plastic hippos eating white, plastic balls, you fed fingers to a pink pussy.

She teared up as he began to thrust those fingers more purposefully into her, the parts between her legs suddenly feeling as if a gas pedal had been pressed. She hissed, and bit at her swollen lip harder. What could she do but give in, she thought, as a jolt raced up her spine as he grazed a sensitive spot inside of her with his fingers. Maybe if she just played along, he'd leave her alone afterward. Maybe the scissors or something even worse wouldn't make another appearance, and maybe when he was done with her he'd tire and leave.

She somehow already doubted that, but as he grazed the spot again she could feel herself becoming wetter, and could feel a very familiar sensation building low in her belly.

At her hissing, Michael started thrusting his fingers even faster and harder, still watching her carefully, picking up the pace of his flicking at her clit too. He started flexing his fingers in her wetness, almost as some kind of response to her getting wetter from his unwanted pleasuring of her pussy. His cock started becoming an even bigger bulge in his pants, his breathing getting a little heavier as he worked his fingers rapidly at her pussy as if encouraged by his own hard-on.

Elissa started to squirm beneath his hands, which only had the effect of slightly changing the angle and making the thrusting seem even more unbearable. She felt it coming, and she shamefully let it go, whimpering quietly and breathing raggedly.

He kept watching as she whimpered and squirmed from cumming before suddenly pulling both hands away from her very wet pussy. Keeping his dark eyes on her, he moved even closer and brought the two fingers that had been inside her slit up into the air. They glistened with her juices and he tilted his head down slightly to stare at them before moving them very close to her face, leaning down over her. He first held his fingertips under her nose, lightly brushing them at the openings of her nostrils, and then rubbing them lightly at her lips, rubbing them back and forth across her lips, causing them to glisten from her juices too. Juice from her lower lips to her upper lips.

20. Friday, August 30th, Part V

Standing back up, he started unzipping his jumpsuit, slowly, the metallic sound of it dragging down the only sound in the room other than her breathing. His hard cock bounced out as his zipper went down as far as it could go and with the same hand that he'd used to finger her pussy, he grabbed his hard meat, slowly stroking it, staring her in the eyes, a drop of pre-cum that had oozed out from the tip of his cock dripping off in a thin, sticky string.

Elissa could still taste herself on her lips and wanted to be sick. It had been almost smug the way he'd shown her what he'd drawn from her. And it hadn't been enough, he wanted more, and she knew there wasn't anything she could do about it. Her hands had long since lost feeling, and she'd given up struggling at the ropes. Not wanting to watch him stroke in anticipation of the next slice he apparently planned to figuratively carve from her she shut her eyes again, and tried again to distance herself from the whole thing.

As she tried to distance herself, he did the exact opposite and got closer to her, at least physically, moving down, cock still in hand, which he pushed against her until the tip pushed into her pussy, the rest quickly following. Placing both hands firmly on her bound legs, he started to rock and thrust his hips hard against her, gripping at her flesh as he felt her warm wet pussy around his cock for the first time finally.

Rocking and thrusting slowly at first, he quickly started going faster, staring at her face and the grimace she wore upon it before looking down at his hard cock sliding in and out of her pussy, easily sliding thanks to her juices, and then back at her face again. He flexed his fingers at her legs as he pounded away at her pussy, his breathing getting heavier again.

She kept her eyes closed through it all, having cried out a little as he pushed into her slit, but otherwise lying there limply and letting him fuck away at her, because what else could she do, really? Internally cursing her body for betraying her earlier, she felt him begin to speed up even more pistoning her into the bed as he grabbed at her thighs to steady her. Her eyes fluttered open as he gripped tighter, and she could see that he was studying her face for a reaction. She turned her face away from him, and instead stared at the wall not wanting to give him that satisfaction.

Michael continued to look, stare, at Elissa anyway, his breathing getting even heavier as he thrust and rocked his hips even faster and

harder, his cock going fully into her with each thrust he took. He then suddenly released his grip on her left leg and reached down to flick at her clit again, knowing full well how it'd affected her before, how she'd reacted before. He flicked repeatedly, fast and hard, again almost making a game out of it by syncing it with his thrusting.

Elissa tried to concentrate on the wall, before shifting her eyes down to Thora's sheets, counting the thin blue pinstripes, anything to take her attention away from what he was doing on top of her. She could hear his heavy breathing, and her stomach turned as she realized he was getting off on this. He continued teasing her clit as well, probably knowing very well that would be very difficult to ignore. It made her hate and fear him even more than she already did, knowing that it wasn't enough for him to stick his cock in her and pump away while she pretended to be somewhere else, no, he wanted to be sure she wouldn't escape him even if only in her mind.

Apparently deciding to change it up a bit, he suddenly tweaked her clit, rapidly alternating between that and flicking at the nub. He breathed harder as he moved his hips even faster, his breathing hitching a few times. His other hand was still on her leg, gripping it even tighter, and going over the edge, he started to cum, spurting his hot seed into her pussy, still toying with her clit and not ceasing his thrusts or rocking either. In fact, he picked up even more speed, breathing heavily still, milking out the last of his cum as he worked his way to his next orgasm, still watching her face, occasionally peering down to watch the movement of his cock.

She had thought it would be over when she felt him unload his hot sticky seed into her, and couldn't help but turn her face back up to stare at him in disbelief and horror. He was still going, apparently intent on unloading into her again, and to make matters worse he seemed to want her to join him. Elissa couldn't help but give a tiny squeak as he tweaked her slowly swelling nub, before she forced her head back towards the wall and closed her eyes tight for good measure.

As she looked away entirely, he leaned down closer to her, laying part of his body on top of her, still rocking hard and fast against her and still flicking and tweaking away at her clit with his hand stuck down between their bodies, playing with her clit rather roughly now. He brought his other hand up from her leg and placed it on her chin, squeezing at it with his fingers and forcing her to turn her head back towards him. He continued to grind his hard cock deep into her wet pussy, putting more weight on her as he pumped away, still looking at her face.

Elissa cringed as he gripped her chin even harder, but refused to open her eyes. It was bad enough that he was currently fucking her through the mattress, she'd be damned if she had to look at the monster that had murdered her friends while he did it. She couldn't contain another high pitched squeak however, as he roughly tweaked her clit, bringing her back into the moment. Elissa began to whimper then, more in fear than arousal, although to her shame that was there as well.

Michael tilted his head again at her as she cringed, keeping up the rocking with his hips and the tweaking and flicking with his fingers, his heavy breathing steady behind his white mask. He then suddenly

released her chin and squeezed her right breast instead, squeezing the flesh hard and repeatedly, kneading the warm softness with his fingers. Moving his fingers to her nipple, he pinched and pulled at it, working it between his fingertips.

She groaned as he groped at her breast, fingers digging into the soft flesh and then migrating to torment her nipple. Her eyes snapped open and she gave him a look of pure hatred as he incessantly worked her pussy over, feeling that familiar burn returning swiftly now, completely unbidden by her. Her head throbbed, and she couldn't contain her disdain and anger any longer, spitting at his masked face as he drug her over the edge again.

Elissa's spitting caused him to stop all movement, staring down her for a moment before shooting his hand from her breast to her throat, wrapping his fingers very tightly around it, flexing them at it. As he held her by her throat, he started up the rocking of his hips again, still roughly toying with her clit. While her breathing was strained thanks to his hand, his breathing got even heavier and more ragged, his hips bumping even faster and harder against her.

Elissa fought frantically to breathe as that hand clamped down bruisingly tight on her throat. She was certain that he was going to strangle the life out of her as he came, that by the time he spurted more of that sticky hotness into her that she'd be lolling in his grip lifeless. The pain in her head now full ablaze, she thrashed as hard as she could, desperate for air. He'd continued fucking her even as she began to feel dizzy from lack of oxygen and the edges of her vision had begun to darken.

Her face beginning to turn blue, he released her throat, though he didn't let up on fucking her. He did move his hand up from her clit however to her breasts, squeezing both of them in his hands as he started to cum again, spilling out more of his hot seed into her pussy, making the inside of it quite messy. Slowing to a stop, he stayed on top of her for a moment, catching his breath, which he managed to do quickly, before standing back up, sliding his cock out of her pussy in the process.

Holding his cock in one hand again, somehow still hard, he slowly stroked at it again, his meat glistening with her juices much like his fingers had been before. His cock was looking a bit red from all the pounding he'd done to her pussy and the thick head of it had to be feeling rather sensitive too.

Panting for breath, her head throbbing and her pussy feeling very sloppy and abused she waited in disbelief as he continued to eye her, still playing with his cock, as if entertaining the notion of having her again. She couldn't understand how he could still be hard and ready to fuck, it seemed like a nightmare that wouldn't end for her. She'd initially thought he'd climb on, have his way with her, dump out his load in her and then most likely butcher her in some horrific fashion. But now, he still seemed to be very interested in her, and she couldn't fathom why or how. She fought to pull her legs together and shield herself from his stare, but the ropes made that impossible as well.

He simply watched as she struggled to pull her legs shut, the ropes going tight but not showing any signs of giving. Continuing to almost mindlessly stroke at his cock, she couldn't help but wonder if he was

just going to cum on her next, but she knew that she was wrong once again when he suddenly stepped forward again, bringing a finger towards her and first tracing it slowly from her clit and down her slit, dipping a finger into her cum filled pussy, before going down further, lightly ticking at what he could at her asshole, which was already tightly shut and clenched even tighter at his touch. He watched her face again, waiting for her inevitable reaction.

Elissa's eyes widened as he slid his finger there, and for a moment she thought back to her experimentation in the tub, and her blood chilled. squirming away as much as the ropes would allow, she shook her head, fear choking her voice as she began to plead again.

"No, no please. Please leave me alone. You got what you wanted, now please stop, please!" she fought to pull her legs together again, the rope beginning to abrade her ankles in response to all her tugging and struggling against it. She continued to shake her head and plead while he watched impassively.

Not showing any sign that Michael heard her words, he poked his finger hard at her asshole as she struggled until his fingertip popped inside, pushing it in further, somewhat slowly but steadily all the same. Her asshole felt a bit different than her pussy. It was tighter and dryer. It wrapped around his finger as if it was trying to devour it.

He wiggled his finger around inside of her ass much like he'd done with his fingers in her pussy. Exploring, discovering what all was there. He pushed until his index finger had completely disappeared into her ass, wiggling it harder, again looking up at her face, then down at her holes, before looking up at her face more. As he continued slowly stroking his cock with his other hand, he began thrusting his finger a bit into her asshole, thrusting it deep into her tight, hot, dark hole.

Elissa continued to plead as he worked the finger deeper, even though it was by now obvious he didn't care about anything she could possibly say. Her words began to tangle as she began to hyperventilate again, her heart racing and cold sweat beading on her skin. She tried to wriggle away again, however ineffectively still pleading gibberish. Very well aware of what he was intending to do to her next, she could only watch in horror as he continued to stroke his cock, no doubt about to slip her that next.

Michael did stop wiggling and thrusting his finger as she struggled, holding it in place for a moment longer before slowly retracting it from her asshole. He held the finger out and into the air, making her wonder if he'd put that on her lips too. She certainly didn't want that to happen, but after everything else he'd done to her, it wouldn't surprise her at all.

He didn't though and instead pressed the slick, hard head of his cock at her asshole and started pushing, letting the thick head pop in, stretching her hole around it. Still holding his cock, he began feed more of his meat into her, finding it harder to do because of the tightness and lack of lube. Eventually getting it all the way in though, deep inside her asshole, he started rocking his hips against her once more, grinding his hardness deep into her hole, moving a finger back to her clit to flick again and shoving two fingers from

his other hand back into her sopping slit, curling them once again.

She screamed as he forced his dick into her, feeling like she might very well split open and save him the trouble of killing her. The fingers sliding inside of her did nothing to assuage her, and she continued to scream her throat raw as she shook and bucked beneath him, wishing he'd just finish her off and be done with it.

At her screaming and bucking, he started rocking harder and faster, his breathing getting heavy again too. Seemingly unable to take anymore of her screaming or perhaps just wanting to ensure that no neighbors or passersby outside would hear her and interrupt him, he suddenly moved his hand from her clit and leaned forward to place it flat over her mouth to silence or at least muffle her sounds. He continued assaulting the inside of her pussy with his fingers and her asshole with his cock, watching her face again.

As that hand that smelled of her pressed over her mouth, she took the opportunity to bite down hard on the meat of his palm, not really caring anymore. She knew she wasn't going to ever leave this room alive anyway, and at this point she just wanted it to be over. Clamping her jaws down even tighter, she could taste blood now, and she squeezed her eyes shut to wait out what would undoubtedly be the last moments of her life.

As Elissa bit down, Michael suddenly stopped fucking her and started flailing his arm around, trying to get his hand free, almost seeming to panic, cock still buried deep up her ass. Without warning, he roughly yanked his fingers from her pussy and swung a punch, striking her hard in the face.

She saw stars before the merciful blackness took her, her rapidly fading thoughts of her family and friends playing away at hyper speed in her mind. As her jaw went slack, she released his hand, and crumpled onto the bed like a discarded tissue.

* * *

><p>Elissa slowly opened her eyes, groaning a bit at the dull throbs of pain she felt both on her face and forehead, but as she did, she found that there was nothing to see. The room was pitch black. She could tell that she was completely naked and laying on a cold, concrete floor. Sitting up, she also realized that though her wrists were sore, the handcuffs had been removed as well as the rope that had been on her ankles. Reaching down to feel her vagina, she realized that both of her holes were slightly sore, her backdoor a little sorer.<p>

Attempting to stand up, she made it to her feet, though she felt slightly dizzy, unsure if it was because of the darkness or because of the pain in her head. Cautiously, she stepping across the floor, both hands out in front of her, twitching each time her bare feet came back down softly onto the cold floor. Eventually, the palms of her hands reached a wall and feeling at it, she realized that it was a cinder block wall. Moving against it, she let out a long, shaky breath. At least she had something to guide herself with, as blind as she still was with no light in the room.

Slowly, she began to move along the wall, carefully moving a hand up

and down the wall, hoping to find a light switch or a door knob. Both would be very welcome to her. If she could find either one, maybe she could figure out where she was. A thousand ideas of where she could be raced through her mind. The basement of a house. An abandoned warehouse or factory. A storage unit of some kind. Though if he was still around, it probably didn't matter anyway. As she'd already experienced, he was very skilled at controlling someone and keeping them exactly where he wanted.

Speaking of him, she thought she heard something somewhere else in the room, possibly a footstep, which caused her to freeze her movements, listening carefully. She couldn't tell how close or how far away it had been and starting to wonder if she was just hearing things in her head, she heard another footstep and then another. Whoever it was had shoes on, the hard rubber on the bottom of shoes clicking against the concrete with each step. As the footsteps slowly got closer, she could hear breathing too. Deep, heavy breathing. Beginning to panic, she scanned the room, squinting, trying to make out anything in the darkness. She still couldn't see though and that only left her with one option: waiting for him to reach her.

21. Saturday, August 31st, Epilogue

The sky dark with clouds, the early morning rain came down lightly but constantly with the occasional flash of lightning and rumble of thunder, adding to the surreal feeling of the crime scene at 45 Lampkin Lane. Several police cars were parked in front of and near the house, their red and blue lights flashing, with yellow police tape marking off the front yard as well as the sidewalk and part of the street.

A coroner's van was also parked outside the house, its rear doors hanging open. A few officers searched the lawn for any evidence, though things like footprints were out of the question thanks to the rain. Everyone else was in the house, examining the bodies they discovered and searching every inch of the house itself for evidence.

The police had initially been called when a neighbor noticed that the front door of the house had been standing wide open for quite some time. Despite the negative feelings that house always caused in general to residents of Haddonfield, the two officers who first responded to the call hadn't been prepared for what they discovered inside of the house, one of them almost losing their breakfast. Nothing could have prepared them for that hellish nightmare.

After seeing the large smear of blood on the floor of the one second floor bedroom, they'd peered under the bed, finding Thora's corpse, her eyeball still dangling out. That was when they'd decided to call in what they'd found to get some other officers to the scene, though their numbers were still stretched thin due to the fact that Sheriff Elamb was still missing.

Deputy Auteberry arrived soon after with the other officers, most of whom had been taking a break from searching for Sheriff Elamb. In addition to Thora's body, they'd also discovered Chance's body in the attic and Libby's body in the front of Elissa's truck. Elissa was nowhere to be found. They also found blood in Chance's bedroom where she'd been stabbed and on the floor of the attic where her body had

been placed. They half expected to find Lonnie's body too, but were relieved when they didn't.

On Thora's bed, they found two pieces of rope tied to the bedposts at the foot of the bed and a dried, white fluid on the covers that they suspected was semen. That was about it for evidence. There was no murder weapon and no obvious clues to the murderer's identity, though they all had the same name on their minds, at least at first: Michael Myers.

A police photographer took numerous photos of the bodies and other areas of the crime scene. Chance and Thora had entry wounds on their bodies, probably caused by a knife, and all three girls had bruises on their throats where someone had obviously choked them. After that, the two coroner transporters placed Chance and Thora in body bags and took them out to their van. They'd have to come back for Libby's body.

After a while, Rob showed up looking for Chance. He knew something was wrong as he neared the house though, able to see the police car lights in the distance. Making his way past the TV news reporter and her cameramen who'd since shown up to the crime scene, he explained who he was to Officer Pickford who then went to retrieve Deputy Auteberry.

"I'm Deputy Adrian Auteberry," he said to Rob as he approached across the wet, muddy yard, stepping underneath the police tape.

"Robert Crewe," he responded. "I'm Chance Ruskin's boyfriend."

"Mr. Crewe, I'd like to talk to you, but I think you'd better sit down," Adrian responded, leading Rob towards his cruiser, opening the door for Rob to get into the back before getting in himself on the other side.

Rob looked over at Adrian, waiting in silence, the only sound being the rain splattering against the back window, though he felt impatient, already pretty sure he knew what he was about to be told. Adrian looked back at him, always finding it difficult to break news such as that to someone. There was no easy way to do it.

"We've found the bodies of Chance, along with her roommates, Thora Esser and Libby Burns. I'm sorry," Adrian told him, watching him carefully for his reaction.

Rob's breathing faltered and he let out a sigh, not saying anything for a moment. He was trying to resist breaking down right there in front of the Deputy.

Succeeding, at least for the time being, he let out another sigh and then asked, "What about Elissa? Elissa Green? She lived here too."

"We haven't found her yet. We've put out an APB on her."

Rob was silent again before responding with, "Can I do anything to help? Chance...she meant a lot to me. I'll do whatever I can to help."

"Well, do you have any idea who might have done this?"

Rob thought about the question for a moment before saying, "Tyrone Bradford."

Adrian nodded for Rob to continue, remembering Tyrone's name from the report about the dog heart in the fridge at that same house.

"Tyrone was the boyfriend of Libby and the other girls had recently kicked Libby out. She was causing trouble and they had issues with Tyrone before too."

Adrian nodded again. Though that didn't automatically make Tyrone the murderer, it certainly made him stick out even more to Adrian. And he again couldn't help but wonder if Tyrone was involved with Lonnie's disappearance too.

Taking out his notepad and making a note, Adrian then said, "Thanks for that information. Would you mind coming to the police station to talk some more?"

Rob shook his head 'yes' before saying, "As I said, I'll do whatever I can to help."

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><p>Deputy Auteberry and Rob were exiting the interrogation room, having spent a couple hours going over everything. Though Adrian still had to call the hardware store to confirm that Rob was indeed working there late the night before, he seemed to have an ironclad alibi. Showing Rob where the vending machines were as he'd asked, Adrian turned to head back to his office when he heard shouting coming from the lobby area.<p>

"I don't care if the investigation is still underway, I demand to know what is going on at my house! Your officers would not let me go in, saying that I'd compromise the integrity of the crime scene. It's my house! I've paid the property taxes on it for years! Who are you all to tell me I can't go in? Who the hell is in charge here now, anyway? I have every right to enter my own house!" Bart Rowe's voice echoed down the hall, followed by the sharp clicking of hard-soled shoes on the tiled floors and the voice of the desk officer demanding that he come back to the lobby immediately.

"I'm not leaving until I speak to whoever is running this place now! I spent a small fortune fixing that place up, and I have every right to go in and see how bad the damage is! I spent over a grand just refinishing the floors not a month before those girls moved in! Fresh paint on every wall, another five hundred easy! If anything has soaked into the floor boards, or into the Sheetrock, I'm looking at dropping another couple grand easy, not to mention the fact that with all that tape blowing in the breeze and what looks like the entire Haddonfield Sheriff's department staked out on the lawn, how the hell am I supposed to rent that place out anytime soon?! Huh?!"

Rob's fists clenched involuntarily as the voices drew closer, and he whipped around from the vending machines and started towards the commotion.

Adrian was already on his way down the hall and Rob followed after him, the Coke he'd wanted to buy completely forgotten about.

Neither of them got far though as Bart came up the hallway and Adrian greeted him with, "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

Bart started to open his mouth, but Adrian cut him off before he could even get the first syllable out.

"This is a police station and you will not come barging in here like you own the place!"

The desk officer came running up behind Bart, stopping a few feet behind him.

"I'm sorry, sir," the young officer said to Adrian. "I tried to stop him."

Adrian gave him a simple nod, but kept his attention on Bart, feeling rather enraged at his rudeness.

"Now you can either calmly explain why you're here or you can turn around and walk right back out of here," Adrian then said to Bart, looking him in the eyes as he spoke.

Rob's fists were still clenched. He'd heard part of what Bart was shouting about and didn't really care to hear more about it, but he was also trying to respect the Deputy, unlike Bart.

"I'm Bart Rowe and I'm not leaving until I speak to whoever the hell is running this place now. Would that be you," Rowe's eyes dropped to read the brass plate on Adrian's chest "Deputy Auteberry? If not, I want to speak to who ever is in charge, now."

"I am in charge, Mr. Rowe," Adrian replied sternly. "And you can drop the attitude right now. I realize you seem to think that the world revolves around you, but in case you haven't been paying attention, this town's currently dealing with a missing sheriff and a triple homicide. So if you don't mind, spit out whatever it is that's so urgent."

Adrian had only known this man for a minute and he already disliked him. He was a man who was quite obviously very full of himself.

"Well, thank god, now we're getting somewhere. I want you to tell your men to let me into the house to survey the damage. I overheard one of your meat-wagon boys talking about the stinker that they were about to haul off, and thank god that one wasn't inside. But what about the two that were? Do you have any idea of what I might be looking at financially to completely replace the affected Sheetrock and repaint those bed rooms? I don't even want to think about what the floor's going to cost me. You have any idea how hard it is to get those narrow planks anymore? I might have to rip the whole thing out if anything's soaked through the finish. The paint job alone is going to take the whole deposit, and what about the fourth girl? They say she's no where to be found, are they sure she's not stashed up in a cupboard, possibly rotting away as we speak?"

Adrian and Rob's eyes widened as Bart spoke and before Adrian could tell him off again, Rob had moved past Adrian, swinging and landing a punch to Bart's jaw, knocking him to the floor. Climbing on top of

Bart, who was dazed from the sudden attack, Rob punch him in the face again and pulled his arm back for a third punch. Rob didn't say anything, his face red and teeth gritted with anger, his eyes getting watery.

Both Adrian and the desk officer moved to pull Rob off, though it had crossed both of their minds to just let Rob take out all of his frustrations on Bart. Rob came off easily enough, now more upset than angered. The desk officer walked Rob away, trying to comfort him as Adrian stared down at Bart, a little blood oozing from his left nostril. Adrian offered a hand to Bart, who scowled but accepted the help. And that was where the help ended, for Adrian then shoved Bart up against the wall, gripping his shirt tightly, ready to start punching on him too.

"Listen up, you worthless sack of shit!" Adrian said in a loud voice that instantly wiped the scowl from Bart's face. "That boy's girlfriend was one of the victims and you have the audacity to come in here talking like that in front of him?! You make me sick! If I weren't an officer of the law, I'd probably help him knock some sense in your damn head! Now get out of this station!"

Bart nodded quickly, and Auteberry released his grip. He quickly made his way towards the exit, however he couldn't help but continue to rant although in a much softer tone as he exited the Sheriff's Department out into the still rainy afternoon.

"I don't even want to think about what this is going to do to my chances of renting the place out again anytime soon. People do drive down Lampkin Lane even this late, especially on Friday nights. The last thing I need them seeing a dozen officers out on the lawn and yellow tape flapping in the breeze." he muttered, more to himself than anything as he made his way out to his car which he'd double-parked in the front lot. "That house is absolutely impossible to sell, everyone in this stinking town knows that. The last thing I need is to also make it impossible to rent. I've got to make something on it after all. I've paid the property taxes on it every year since I inherited it too, between that and the renovations I've got to get something back out of it. No locals will even consider it, and without the college nearby I'd never stand a chance of renting it out. Imagine how hard it will be now!"

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><p>Adrian Auteberry was once again in his office, his mood worsened thanks to Mr. Rowe. He tried to get his mind back to the bigger problem though.<p>

While the DNA testing of the blood and possible semen at the house would tell them for sure, Adrian was pretty certain that Rob wasn't the murderer nor had he been in on it. His alibi ready did seem solid and besides, his reaction to the news of his girlfriend's death had said a lot even before he'd been questioned. You could usually tell a lot by a person's initial reaction to news like that.

All signs seemed to point to Tyrone Bradford being the culprit, but if he was, as Mr. Rowe had asked, where was the other girl, Elissa? Had he kidnapped her or had she helped him? The latter idea seemed unlikely, but then again, that scenario wouldn't be a first either.

And then there was Lonnie. If Tyrone hadn't been involved in Lonnie going missing, who had been? Of course, Michael Myers' name had been thrown around. It seemed to have been thrown around a lot lately. Where was the evidence though? There was no proof that he'd had returned to his hometown again. A lot of people in Haddonfield still feared even hearing his name, but there had been no sign of him for over two decades. In fact, the town had been pretty quiet after his last visit, other than a couple isolated incidents which had been proven to have nothing to do with Myers.

Sighing and shaking his head, he put aside the file on his desk on the latest events at the town's infamous murder house. It'd certainly keep him busy for at least the next few weeks as everything was sorted out. He wasn't looking forward to it and the long hours that would come with it, but it had to be done.

He found that name coming back up in his mind though. Michael Myers. Two separate murderers striking in the same exact place seemed incredibly unlikely, especially in a small town. But what if he had returned? As weird as it might seem for a cop to think, he hoped that Myers had simply moved on once more because the last thing Haddonfield needed was him running around again.

He really hoped so.

End
file.